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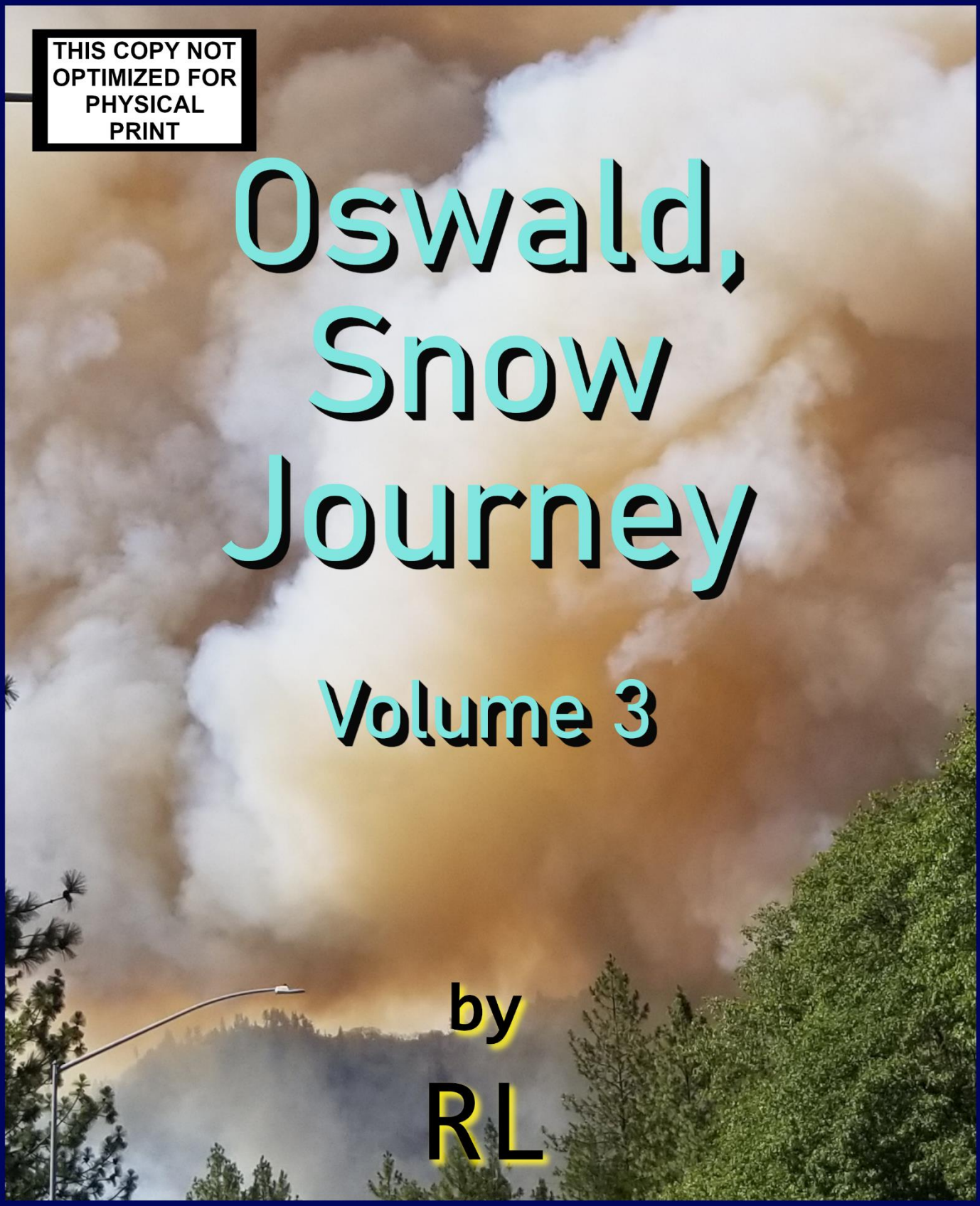
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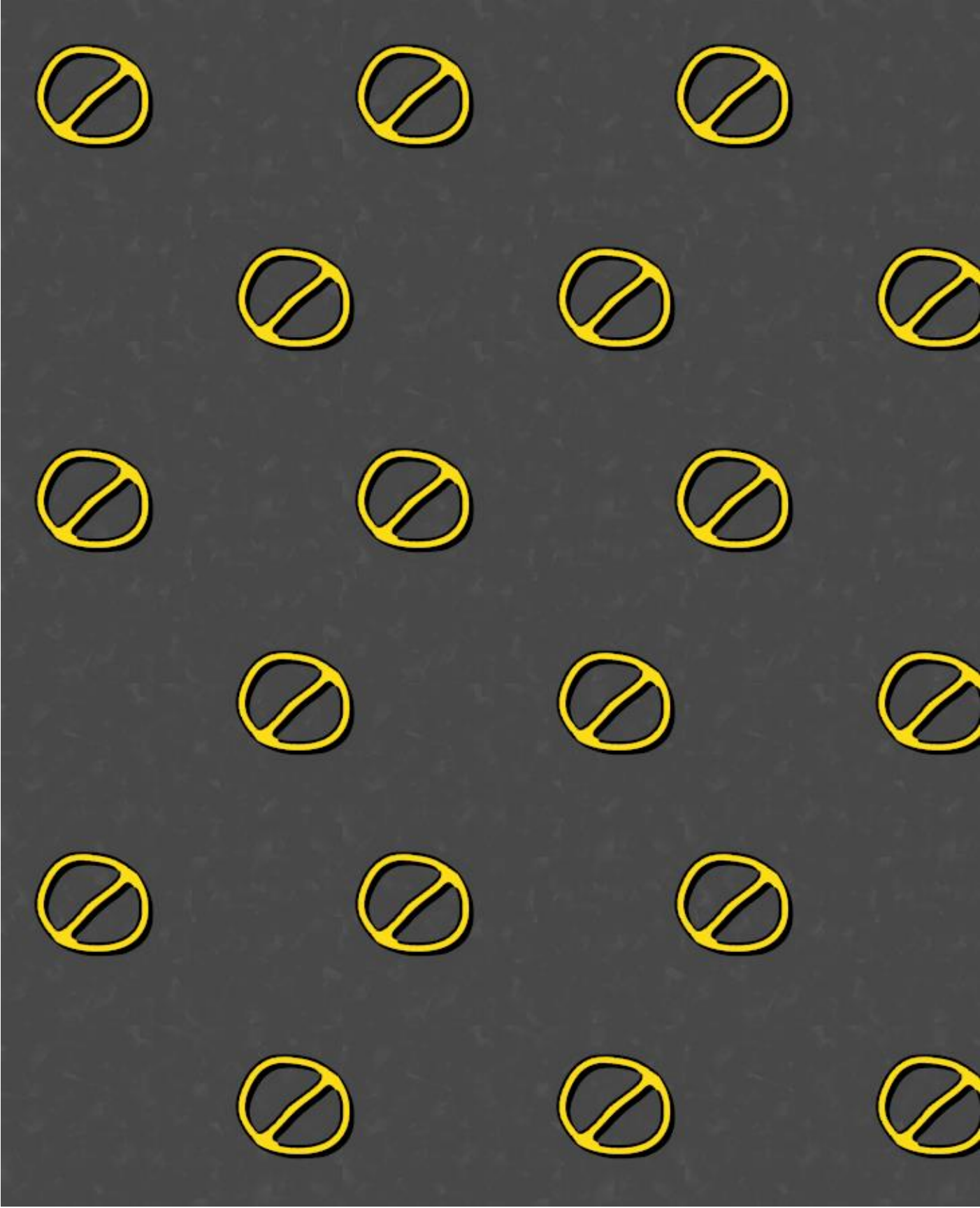
Oswald, Snow Journey
Volume 3
by
RL



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Published digitally in the United States of America

Oswald, Snow Journey

by

RL

Written July 2022 – July 2024

Volume 3

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Freedom was once just a dream. Now, I can fight to achieve it!

Necro

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Prelude

Oswald, Snow Journey is completed with this third volume, and heavily focuses on subjects such as purpose, absolute truth, dealing with the past and one's relationship to it, overcoming a lifelong hardship, and repairing oneself to begin a fresh start in life. Through this final volume, one is able to see the breakdown of a set of values I held sacred, and the scramble to understand how to rebuild one's sense of self after an attempt to live through an empty value set due to strict adherence to "absolute" truth.

Throughout this third volume, there is a clear focus on want, on what I truly want. Phrases regarding want appear roughly 22 times (by my count), with a small part of that being a reference to Briertone's "Twice a Week", Aesop Rock's "Daylight", and The Offspring's "All I Want". A life poisoned by addiction and overwhelming self-hate became untenable with a less-than developed understanding of the world, and required a complete reanalysis of personal values. The book details the escape from many incredibly sinister elements of my existence as well as a new acute understanding of the abject confusion and suffering in the world, with or without a higher power. It progresses over time from a scrambled attempt to restructure the world to the beginning moments of the healthiest part of my life that I've ever had. In this volume, there is also a heavy emphasis on snow and blizzard-themed elements, representing hardship, confusion, loneliness, as well as peace, acceptance, and will to keep going.

The poem titled "Oswald, Snow Journey" is included, indicating this book is complete, as explained in the prelude of the first volume. Like the "Oswald" series of poems, all of the other poem series have also been concluded with this installment, bringing a finality to "Initiation", "F", and all other series. Even though this volume concludes the whole book, there were obvious issues in my life that still remained that needed to be addressed, which led me to consider my next book to be something shorter with this topic. Oswald, Snow Journey served its purpose and is concluded with a great change in my life, but the creation of "Oswald, Frigis Chrysanthemum" was a sudden and immediate warning within myself that there were still issues that remain with myself despite the book's natural conclusion. These issues are more

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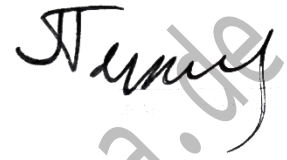
directly touched on in the book following this one, titled "A Non-Exhaustive List of Current Problems".

Poems are listed in chronological order by time of writing.



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Sister Poems and Series

Sister poems can appear in pairs or indirectly cover similar topics in generally the same way, and series can include more than two poems and often are structured more in a way that makes their content tie in directly to other poems in the series.

Sister Poems

- “My Initial Motivation” *and* “My 2nd Initial Motivation”
- “Pre-Lambda” *and* “Lambda”
- “Walking the Vista, Day 1” *and* “Walking the Vista, Day 2”
- “Insomniac (Reinmann 1)” *and* “Skelethon (Reinmann 2)”
- “For Sabrina Carpienté” *and* “Forgetting by Sabrina Carpienté (I hate Sabrina Carpienté)”
- "Protect Her" *and* "Protected Her"
- “Iscariot, I Wish I Was” *and* “Judas: I-Stilam”
- "Endocrinology" *and* "Endocrincess"
- "Galloping Deer" *and* "Thriving Daisy"

Series

- Initiation
  - “Initiation 5”
- F
  - “F.K.W.” *and* “F.M.C.” *and* “F.F.F.” *and* “F.M.T.” *and* “F.H.B.”
- Occupation
  - “Coveter” *and* “Recoverer” *and* “Degloverer” *and* “Protectoror” *and* “Manipulatoror”
- Trouble
  - “Lasat” *and* “Gassed Dephoc”
- Regnet Viel
  - “Greed of Rain” *and* “Artificial Light” *and* “Appleseed Ingrained” *and* “Moth’s Bane” *and* “Cathode Ray”

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- Blizzard
    - “Blizzard in a Bottle” *and* “Blizzard in a Snowstorm” *and* “Blizzard in a Car Stereo” *and* “Blizzard in a Slashed Artery” *and* “A Previous Blizzard”
- Oswald
    - “Oswald, Snow Journey” *and* “Oswald, Frigis Chrysanthemum”

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Human, Like Bug

"Can't imagine that was a very smart decision"
Seeing a multiple legged creature
Skate down the plughole

And anyone can see
Who looks into my room
Caltrops lain for the spiders
And hoppers-in-grass
Beetles and flies,
People are flies.

"It's time to give up the worse of self"
They're more than just best friends in cement
Or cemetery

Bugs remind us that one thing happens to all
And that there is a greater good
A reason to get dressed to eat leaves in the morning

To bug the humans down
There's nothing left here
Humans are bugs, in a good way.
We are useful, linked, determined

Motivated people
People are flies
Squish.

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And From Forceps I Found Myself

After I escaped my forceps
I was free to do whatever I please.
But please myself I found hard for me
Until I was let back, allowed to fail.

Don't let yourself back
The only way is up
From my forceps I was placed steady

And through time I'm sure
That I will find my way
To reach the breath of life
Aged through the years I forgot.

Initiation 5

In the midst of the drive,
Feeling though there should be stars
Speckling the lighted way,

Reaching what I thought
Would be my final, sure home.

Putting my bags lone on bed
And mustering enough courage
That I can live in my own
Though the world's maw around my heart

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I don't know what I'd hoped to have
To hold, and to hope for
But here I am lone and self-spoke-for

That is to say,
I am on my own from now.

A perfectly kept bed
Near my perfectly kept desk
Cradling me to make precious memories tomorrow

In the shadow of the day tomorrow
Making memories in the shadow
Though I see light penetrating through my every pore

Here in my soul I feel shadow sore.
All is truly vanity
But I must act
And provide myself a home that's suitable.

Blue Color

Supremely unhealthy.
Mentally sick, and spiritually ill.
Worth shifting depending on the hour of day.

Remind myself to be grounded in something high
I'll wake up one day and forget it all happened
From birth to now
All just a fading memory trying to hold on

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I have no idea where it's all gone.
I'm stuck with a reason, the reason is you.
But I'm stuck with you, stuck knowing you see me.

Only one day I'll look at the mirror
Hoping he was not me
Yet I make my choices like a weed
Laying strangely beneath my baby blue color

Altoids

What a beautiful thing
To open up the aluminum
Into the complete completion of our human
Enterprises.
Staying up on top of things
I could sell Altoids to make a living.
While the formerly living hide where I say.

Thank you so much!
And enjoy your lovely eve’

With your new lovely life
Your past connections
At fault to make them leave

No más
That's all I have to say
And my decisions are numbered back
Due to the manner of my former way

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What's a beautiful thing?
Why not just throw caution into the fan
And make something bad of ourselves

Let's just say the benefits are out there
Let me live my life, and you yours.
Thank you very much,
And good night
I'll be more than fine.

I Will Never Be Wrong

That is on you
A little thing
I believe in a thing called more than happy
Going on without feeling
Punishing pleasure
I'm so tired of it
I'm tired of the girls from my nocturnal fog
I am not wrong, I will never be wrong
I'm just beat in this exceedingly long day
So I'm done again.
You'll just have to deal with my sinful healthiness.

My Initial Motivation

All I wanted
Was to humbly guide
My little soul out of this world -
Applesauce on tray on cart -
But here I am.

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Exceedingly tempting the *kazi* of *kami*
He spits out into the sink and
Feels his knees gradually weaken
For himself
All he made in the world for himself.

I just wanted to herd my soul
Into the great beyond,
The post-mortem,

But I can't.
God says I can't.

I can't remember how much I've made
A decision I can't authorize.
But still I lay here
With seemingly author eyes
Not knowing that I've been given up

Completely
Shocking my younger self to my chocolate candy core
"Adultery?"
Sounding as a raven pleading the decor,
But every time I want to say nevermore,
I end up shored up on the bathroom floor.

And so I've touched too many fires
On my way down the mall of life
With my sweet baby boy
Crying for the mother he thought was still there

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Every time I shower I wish I was so far away to forget
But the world's an ugly place,
Tempting the *kazi* of *kami* am I.

Oh my Jimmy.
All I wanted at heart was to guide myself out.
And then I wanted to give myself a small quiet house.
All I wished was that I would have made right choices.
I sit here with voices reminding me where I am not.

I'd only wish things worked,
So that nobody I care for would cry in pain
When I was sucked back into the ground
As rain, grain, or river vein.

I could've been just a poor soul
Choosing a path that I say was preferred
So arrest my corpse.

But I'm stuck just in this body
Holding me and reminding me
How alone I'm really not.

Opening the draft to a divine wind
Curling my hair
Bringing me rest beyond compare
Eating castor beans out of a popcorn bowl
And watching a movie.
Tonight is a good night.
It's Sunday and I'm alone
Eating my favorite dinner.

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My 2nd Initial Motivation

He sent His Son
So that He could keep watch over me.
I really wish I was the person
That people see me as.

I'm On the Moon?

Don't jump in that hole
You remember the caribou
Don't you?
Gravity gets weird around here
And so does the air.
Well how do I get the real?
All I'm doing is sucking nitrogen.
Go and pray,
The ritual, you'll know what to do.
Just don't make too much noise.
I breathe slowly while waiting my turn
But walking out and feeling heavy in my lungs,
Down the hundreds of steps
And memory becomes fuzzy.

I'm a moon man.

Watch me jump.
You'll be glad you did.

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F.K.W.

A horrid degradation
The 3 pH of my blood
Like I'm just lemon juice to you.
And all you are to me.

At first I was wolflike,
Not expecting to ever drum up,
Sum up all this stuff.
But here we are now.

I'm not upset for lack of trying
"And my dear, we're still good-bying"
Lights are low, bird to a crow,
To vulture me to my lying.

As a car is to a house, I get further
And further from you
With the more I know.

I know what you do
Portraying me here as long overdue
What's there left to say?
F.K.W.

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Parables for Dead Souls: Bridge

Two men stand apart
As in a park but they approach
And stand as one

Shaking hands,
Both carrying a gun
In the other.

They stand on the bridge
Bringing them there together
Because they have similar interests
Similar… bad interests and habits
Lacking good manners, customs
After years of not caring one bit.

With them is the list
All twelve of their victims.

They bridge the gap between each other.
The wind makes its way between them yet.
It tries to grab the paper away.
But the American holds strong.

They are scared of themselves.
They feel, the other deserves to die.
In mutual agreement.

The Indian finds the victims, the American makes the calls.
They are on the bridge.
After a spook from each other,
They come to some sense and hate what they've done.
They are on the bridge because
They try not to look at the opportunities
To fulfill the greed and evil within.

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But they are home with one another on the bridge.
Twelve ruined lives.
Dead elders walking, some hopefully dead.

The two on the bridge are very much alive.
So who wants to go first?

Both wealthy, but very poor in spirit and moral.
So American shakes hands with his friend
And he jumps.

Perhaps they should have gone hand in hand.
The Indian wanted to watch it happen.
Upon seeing an unimaginable white shape turn crimson,
He begins to think.

He deserves to die.
We deserve to die.
Or is that simply a way to get us away from good people?

Is there some reason,
Some why that should hint I should live,
Where would I find you?

Not upon a bridge.
But he stands upon a bridge,
Dropping the list and the connection to his friend.
Living out the rest of his life,
Searching for any reason that he should stay alive.
Living off the money the American got
From the twelve victims,
A few of which would have liked to jump from a bridge.

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To Humbly Guide My Soul

I did it
Because it is what I want.

It was not my job
Because I love my job
Nor my parents
Because I was raised well
Everyone has been largely good to me.
I did not do it for them.

I did this because I could
Because of how I feel about the nature of it all
The way the world works
I did it because I simply wanted to be elsewhere.

I did it because I do not like humanity.
The world, the physics, the chemistry,
The fundamental forces of nature
Are all perfectly innocent.

The ability to choose,
To be right or wrong,
It's all very wrong.
If not, it's all very much what I dislike.

In a world without evil
There are merely different levels
Of good and neutrality.

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A man leaves his handgun
On the kitchen table and goes to work
And expects the day to go as normal.

I did it because I dislike the pain
The pain that exists potentially
And past-tense-ally

In no world could I see the use of excess
Not abundance, but obese excess.
Of pain. Of pleasure.
Of pride or prejudice.

It all just serves to remind me
Of where others are
And where I am not.

And so I became obsessed,
Maybe, with this idea that
Some person out there would want to do something
Something to me or to any other soul trying to be good

And I found that person:
The heroin needles in the bland haystack.
Exactly who I expected them to be.
Exactly what my soul hates and tries to avoid.

But I was terribly obsessed.
How is it possible that this can happen?
Why can this happen,
Be chosen to happen?

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A spider eats a fly because it is hungry
A human eats a human when times are highly dire
And yet still it is wrong.
Yet man can choose to eat his brother live purely for a curiosity.

I do not want to be like this.
I would rather feed an apple to a deer
And humbly guide my soul through the world
To whatever is on the other side.

And now I've become what I hate
Gotten my hands dirty
And hearing my soul every day beg for release
Knowing I still couldn't give that to it.

All over this thought
This thread
That death was something to avoid.
Now I feel it's a blessing for all who invite it.

I was often told
That there would be something or someone
Who would change my mind.
I have my many doubts.

My view of the world
Entirely depends on the facts I have,
And coming to the conclusion that it was impossible to know,
And disliking the manner of the world.
I decided to do what I'd always wanted.
Nothing changes me except the facts of the matter.

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If there happens to be a God,
I suppose I'll say I never knew enough
To really say for sure I could tell.
And if not,
Let me choose my own path
And don't get caught up missing someone already gone.

But someday you'll wake up and realize
You haven't thought about it in a while after all
Then you'll be able to let go
And forget.

The 002

So therefore!
I go to the place where only one thing is for sure!

I can count on nothing
To be true in this life
Not even taxes!

But death is such a sure thing,
Death is a very sure thing.

So he went. And he died.

And when he woke up he realized
He was yet alive indeed
Somewhere beyond the scope of his view
His imagination
It was just too strange for words.

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He was baffled and confused.
He was dead.

He was so sure that he could know nothing
And turned out to be right.

So he lay in the grave
And started his new life.

Soon he realized the only thing he could be sure of
Was that he was alive once
And was yet unsure if he was alive.

Egg Being an Egg

He splattered his soul on the ground in front
Like an egg on a kitchen cabinet

He held hands with his friends
Eating up the small waxy fire
Each splattered their soul
Upon the ground in front

Feeling so empty and whole

Somehow smoky and spiraling
Up into the black

Holding hands inside the black.
Keeping room and keeping warm
Around the fake chocolate fire

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Their souls cooked like an egg
Kicked into an open oven.
They loved being alive.
They loved being hand in hand.
Fizzling, sputtering, as blood in a rabbit's throat.

They get up to walk on eggshells.
They fill their eyes with darkness
And the flame consumes the child in their soul.
They, unbothered by fire, laugh with all
The laughter that can come from eyes full of darkness.

They are egg, as an egg,
An egg being an egg.

Ei Sein Einem Ei

Er bespritzt seiner Seele auf dem Boden in die Nähe
Wie einem Ei auf dem Kabinett der Küche.

Er holt Hände mit seinen Freunden
Gegessen die kleinen, wächsernen Feuer
Jeder hat ihre Seele bespritzt
Doch auf dem Boden in die Nähe.

Fühlen sie komplett leer und voll

Irgendwie rauchig und spiralen
Durch das Schwarz

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Hände in den Schwarz holen.
Plätze hegen und warm bleiben
Herum dem falschen Schokoladefeuer

Ihre Seelen kocht wie einem Ei,
Das wäre in einen Ofen getreten.
Sie liebten es zu leben.
Sie liebten Hände zu halten.
Zischen, brutzeln, wie Blut in der Kehle eines Kaninchens.

Sie steht auf, um Eierschalen weiterzulaufen.
Sie ausfüllt ihre Augen mit Dunkelheit
Und die Flamme brennt das Kind von ihrer Seele.
Sie sind unbehelligt von dem Feuer und mit uns Lächelte
Das Lachen, dass von Augen mit Dunkelheit kommen kann.

Sie sind Ei, wie einem Ei,
Ein Ei sein einem Ei.

Vatista

I like that way she dive
The way she pokes blokes
I like how she got that big laser
And she throws gems

I like the forward and back charge
I remember using the guns a lot.
Those were the simpler days.

I like that guru guru

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I do not like dash into headbutt
Or dash into drill
Those things annoy me.

I like the nice things in life.
I like Vatista.

Synchronized Swimming

When the sky sang an odd staying song

Like,
"Let me carry you"

God's Cats

I slid nails under the feet,
Watched the small shiny heads
Slip across the floor;

I slid nails under the feet
Of God's cats.

What does that mean?
I only just had the idea.

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White Wolf of Snow

My heel
Your mouth
Like you're a rug,
Like you're an unforgivable.

Looking up at me with teeth in your eyes,
I can't see the tears anymore,
Only pain.

Why am I doing this,
Why am I not guiding my soul?
Why is this me?
Am I?

All I wanted.
All I ever wanted.
But it would make you all so sad.

But I stand in your mouth
Waiting for the snap
Waiting to scar my bloodied and knifed soul
Even more than what's been done to it.

I'm the medium for an angel of pain
Bringing the worst to the innocent
Killing dogs,
Maiming wolves.

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Only wanted to merely, and earnestly
Guide my soul
I don't want to live remembering what I've done,
Empty my seat in the nightmare theater.

Going to bed, man.
Praying to all the gods to save the wolf
And hoping I'd understand something

I'd Rather

Feed an apple
To a deer
Or spend evenings
Alone in the snow
Burning my numb face
Against the pant leg of your jeans

In an attic, upstairs
Singing or listening to a guitar.
Knee deep in water.
Having breakfast or coffee together.
I don't drink.

I'd rather.
But,

I watch your truck roll
A million miles out every day.
I remember every moment you didn't
Say that you loved me.

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When tensions got so hot you
Could just taste the salt on their tongue
No words needed.
The holidays where nobody said anything
To one another.

The plans nobody ever followed,
The connection nobody ever cared enough to keep alight.

The times when you were too busy having fun
To just spend time with the rest.

I hope the taste of sweat off your thigh
Was worth over something good.

Chocolate & Peanut Butter

What would it take
What would it warrant?
You look like something I want to try
I don't do things like this
Because it's unwise and uncharacter.

I just sit there
In awaited warmth
With keyboard in hand and
Imagining you with your hand up

Oh, heavy hammer.
Seeing me there as I am
Not as who I want to be

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I just want to dip my hand
Deep in a bowl of peanut butter,
Chocolate,

Letting the memories get under my fingernails
Muddying it up
Showing me how to be,
As I want myself to be.

All man wants.
All a guy could want
Is to think about something different

Stargate

Emily's dad.
Like ham sandwich between the pale.
Smoking gun on the back of a blue whale
True haul
I put pennies in for dreams at night
Paying tune with the longest call

Watch the cell phone ring
Cherry juice dripping on the receiver

God and savior
Do I just hate people;
I just hate my guts,

Man do I hate those guts.
I don't know a thousand truths
As long as I don't know who did it.

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I bet you I could plant a cherry tree in drywall.

I just want to kiss stargate in the eyeball.
Some nights I feel like
I was born to be a cue ball.

Selling Snowcones

Gosh she's beautiful.
Gosh I'm red.

Going through the motions
Through the world with the motions

I count em
One, two, three, four
Above the head around the arm.

In my hands.

All I do is write symphonies
I just hurt and serve myself a cake of euphoria.

I never wanted to indulge.
But I just keep kissing the hole made
By the blade separating planks of ply
I keep on cradling the place I will die

You asked me what I wanted,
You already know my request

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Gosh she's pretty
Gosh I'm all sweaty and red

Everything comes back for good
Everything comes back for another day
Would it matter how much I fall if
Finally in an open grave?

Always hopped up on the next thing to say,
Next thing to see
Always waiting to lick the thoughts out of me.

Always looking at myself in youth,
Man I can't stand that kid.

Always looking at you, up you, in you, and stealing you
From society
Into my mind relapsing past its prime piety

I'm so red I can't believe it
She's so red but I can't focus on the sting

She's my one, my whole,
My answer in everything.
And a million other hers are staring
At my diamond ring

I was selling snowcones.
I was selling snowcones.

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Pre-Lambda

No, no, no
There's too much.
I just want to,
I just want to know.

When everyone rolls and feasts
I stain hereby because
I'm an antenna connection
Through wires and cord
Fluctuating
Un-at peace but at variability

Don't want to be a part of the free
Spirit
Exiting the steam concealed in me

Lambda

In my impossible task of pursuing the truth
I end up skewed -
My head between bell pepper and pineapple

I'm doing my best to understand the rest of humanity
But in my impossible task
I ended up with mud on my face

Becoming stupid and dumb as a doe
Unable to keep my path straight
Eyes open
And so I burrow

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With pain in my veins
And path wide;
But way narrow

The White States of America

Where is my sidehuman?
In the midst of the corridor?

Where is the dried cumin
Where is the rest of me?

Where am I here, laying in here alone
Reminds me of the better days
When nothing felt at home
But there's no answer I can see
I'm great in the grain of futility

I'm great in the world without me
I'm great with you.

Could I be inclined
To ring hotlines
To spill my guts through the line
I'm all just disappointed in myself
Dime after dime.

In my sideshow place I can't say I loved
And they'll have my neck when I read onstage
Looking down above at the crowd who I hate to view
I'm just a prominent figure for all of one and twenty two.

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I'm so lost
Stuck in my snowball
Sticking up clothes and rolling
Into something terrible, profane.
And with ears of 'phetamine, skin of cocaine
She watches my blood boil the color of abundance
I watch her heroin hair foil about

Arm to neck and meeting back with table
I'm just a sod, trapped in a world:
A place where I never wanted to stay on cable
Nigh unstable and unfortunate son
Where did my reflection go to kiss my friends?

In this, my friends,
I leave you with something, how pure as I am
I leave you to clean my soul off the sand
And my skin from the bowl that you shaved me in

I'm only just growing
Little by little
I've only just lost my soul little by little

Use This Against Me, At All Costs, to Make Me Struggle

As instructed
As told and trained
I don't stand up for it
Can't stand up for what I say

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I wrote this knife
So that people could publish

When one snowballs
Down because of something insignificant:
Yeah,
Melt me and use me.

All I wanted…
But all I do now
Is just think about people I've missed for so many years

People I've lost
People I've hurt
And the several who I seek but cannot find

I am not Bertrand Russel
I am not John the Baptist
I am not one you can trust on any axis

My ills and woes are many
I find it hard to view myself
Without putting myself in chains
And boulder, diameter cubit twelve

I don't cry
I just hang out somewhere on the edge of horror
And fascination
All in a pool of guilt.

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Knocked her cold when I couldn't keep my sense
Knocked him cold from keeping just enough sense
Knocked myself cold,
When curiosity claimed my innocence.

And now I only know in me.
All I know:
That made in *a priori*;
And that I am.

Surrounded by rocks
Escape narrow at all ends
But when I hit my critical stitch
I forget all those splitting vitamins

I truly know jackknife nothing.
And so I am stuck in stuck.

I am the pride and antiglide
The knotted crackly trees
And ladle in the antifreeze.

Goodbye everybody.
I hope to see you all soon
The next time my snowball
Crawls up high in high noon.

You really see a man change after an hour
Of laying down to write
Yet the neighborhood used to seem so alive.

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I'd Like a Light, Spoonful

Please
On knees
Sixty seven degrees
In the hills
Absent of distress
Absent of mess
You are in your element
You can do no wrong
The favor is not for the world
The favor is for me

So I ask again
Please
In place where my heart tingles the breeze
I didn't want to be here so long
So so long
Send me off well

Roger in arms
With a sweet song
Or story one used to tell
The favor is for me
Please don't make me

Today that I've seen enough
Known enough
Been sure enough I could

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I could do it on my own
Asking with simple tone
But you with heart of stone
Wouldn't let me feel my soul peel off my bones
I'm no clone.
I am.
And until then that's all I'll ever know.

Do please time.

You love me?
For some reason you
Love
Me

I have harmed everyone I wanted to love
I have dipped my toes into too much molten metal
Something within me is fighting
Against my own self preservation

Wars, actively wagering my life
My body
My friendships and faith

My everything
Haunting me
I'm not here,
This world is far too much.

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It's not me.
The self-caused trauma,
My stubbornness to evil,
My weak and trusting spirit,
The responsibility to be more.

I pen this from my desk in an electric chair.
I'd give everyone the keys to me
I'm just a sad statue to all, in every place.

I have stopped pursuing knowledge,
I now only pursue certainty.

I just…
I don't know how to get what I want.
I still have so much more to do
Yet the days roll unpredictably by like a noodle in boiling water

In my Emreggad I hold on to my anti-self-preservation
Seeking to be a tactic
Some green push pin penetrating
My image and a well-worn cork board
Up on wall.
Up on pole.

Seeking to be ingestible,
To be savorable, burnable.

So that you,
In blameless human form,
May collapse my moral core
As a Hoberman sphere

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In the background all those sad and angry
Wishing rest were as easy as the absence of sound,
Try to understand the fabled gift
Of certainty that I want.

Blameless as any other
But this,
This will surely end badly.

And all I wanted,

How does one face the reality of what they've done
How do you get rid of them?

All I've done
Is immeasurable.

What I did does not matter
And what I did will break my heart
For every moment it chooses itself to pulse

Still trying to know,
Find that reason,
I need to break the sigma.

Every moment I'm alive
Will remind me I'm only just a greater stigma
A bad actor in the bad dreams you have

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I want to be good, healthy, a hangman's rope to gluttony
I've never prayed as hard for something so tough for me
And all the waiting and prayers got me here
With tough luck getting filled by futility,
The strength of a man as me.

The Birds in the Sky

All I watched
Was the birds in the sky.
From hill to valley,
Keeping their beaks on proudly
All I watched were them.

All I watch is the birds, where they were
All I see is the footprints on the soil.
All I seen late was the inside of my room
All I've seen late was where they were

But I don't change,
People never change.
I still watch the birds
Flying in absence
With their transparent wings
And songs that smell like the wind.

All I did on the final days
All I did,
I became one of the birds.

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As I Prophesied, "Bloody Monday"

Failed two big parts of the class,
Addict of ten years,
Doombringer on everyone I love,
Hurting people out of disbelief,
Engaging in bad habits
Working against my own self-preservation

Watching love hold hands from across the boothtop
Unable to find certainty
Unwell mentally
I fell.

Trying not to hurt people
Considering daily whether I want tomorrow
Giving myself a bad name
It all will catch up to me

In debt
Victim of theft
Seemingly always losing time I had

Hater of humanity
Ringing in my head like a rattle of worthless babble

Dependent
Hurting all those who I wanted to love
Never finding someone who understands me

At the mercy of those who I detest
Feeling like I am nothing from now until the end

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I deserve
I want
I'd love to…

This is a beautiful miracle.
The miracle of life.

Faking Sharp

Everything
Just glass and nails
Shards of bottles in my hand
Metal disks wheeling in my earwells
Whirring and screeching
Barking and preaching

Degloving my loving body
It feels like everything
So sharp around and above me

Within my types to belong
Finding someone's right from wrong
I'm sure when I sing this song
A god will know where I'm staying

Waiting to pop
Waiting for every sharp thing
Every burnt, scraped and slicing thing
After it's kind
All in our system
Life

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Coveter

Your black-nailed toes
That curl when wet
I hope you hate the day
We met

I, being persistent and unwavering,
Couldn't fathom seeing wall-to-face
Every time I tried to speak

Even though in your eyes,
You couldn't give any less care about it
Maybe it was something I said, someone I wasn't

I thought, just maybe, that someday
I'd end up hating you
Since I loved you so much
I hadn't the slightest clue my next step in the big blue.

In the vast continuum
I would cry for you every time
"Stupid."
And in some divine wind,
I got caught in this place and time.

We became friends,
Drew apart,
But just speaking with your mouth and not your heart.

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I'm the end.
All you see
Is just someone you thought
Could handle hands to lap

So pray and close your eyes
Pity me for every day that I walk
In the sight of the blind
Where the daylight shine
Only happens outside my window of mind.

Contemplating reality.
Wondering.
Every day I'm alive, or what I call it.

I'm living some sort of bad dream,
Still a dream to some,
When I come back to my head,
I say goodbye to something already gone.

You were someone to me
But now I could hardly care less
Unless you looked deep into my eyes
Showed me plain and with duress
That the Emreggad would pull
The dress from underneath my feet
Maybe then I could see the whole,
Blackened sky complete.

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Before I am ultimately turned to cream,
Always hearing you whine and scream:
So, and I really say again,
Goodbye, white wall.
Hope he makes you.

Lasat

Goodbye weekend,
Afternoon,
Afghanistan.

Goodbye green, coin, and sinker
How I say goodbye

How I write about everybody
Everybody, man.

He will ruin me
With dreams winding through my head.
White-walled daydreams
Away-dreams

The less we all know
The more I am safe to walk
With shoes made from the choices
Piled on top.

I'd go any distance further to sanctify
But now I'm drank, with now no help for I.
Owned.

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Disowned.
Pretending that my words mean nothing for most
In the cold, undying planet of mold.

So here I go,
Wishing away at a new brother.
My star shines not so much anymore,
I'm just here.

Sitting quietly outside
Counting cards in my hand
Listening to the sounds of my house
Eagerly doing chores
Buttering rolls on the side
As I prep dinner.

A Smell is Painful

I miss you!
I remember
I miss you
I remember.

As far as I've missed you
Remembered how my hand
Covered the back of your head

And I just get it here
Up, as I'm down,
But why…

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All I need to do is publish my books
Then I'll be done,
I'll be all alright
When there's nothing left
Inside my chest

Tasting your breath
Hidden as hidden are
F to the M to the F
All night
As one does.
As one's told not to.

God,
Just melting pink putty down my face
That's what it feels like
The love and the memories
Just both so intense

The melody stands to take me
Back to my life of ten cents
My two mean nothing no more
When my best friend was my

It means nothing anymore
The peace around my waist
And yours
The leather in hand together ours

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Pain.
This life serves to remind me.
Distracted I may be…
But holy ghost in me,
I would marry that.

Recoverer

I listen
And stand out in the cold rain
I remember that I met you
I remember nothing.

Nothing was good about it.
Nothing was good when we co-arson.
I loved it.

Once upon a time I
Will end up loving it again
Stay out of the cold rain

The only tears you hide
Are the ones I must have caused.
And my Casio,
I could go back and change anything.

I love the rain.
I loved you in the rain.
I love everything when accompanied by rain.
The sky is not the same.
This November is not the same.

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My socks are to my side,
Soaking in something
Between tears and rain or urine.

Showing my not-so-unfamiliar face
Brining, bringing back the old place.

You exist somewhere between my deepest
And darkest thoughts
As a shining light with a chainsaw
A purity with a law degree

I never think of you.
I never think as much of anybody.
They just happen to show up in my head.

By extension, you
You are the passing barista I would die for.

I leave you alone to dance in the rain.
So do it.
Forget the things we got into
And just start something infinite,
Something freeing,
Something clearly unhealthy, but completing.

I feel somewhere between this incarnation
And nothing at all

I am glad I forget you
I am glad you forget me.

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Doubles?

The first time I saw you
Was when you counted me casual.

And so I, acting natural,
Proved my worth in a set of
Some of the worst I've ever played
But that didn't stop me from getting it made
That didn't stop us from getting it made.

The election sucked
And everyone felt like they were all that
Everyone felt like they were all that and more

Me, with my blind love
You with your consistent showings
You there just all for the fun of it
And you with your pride and your ego
All for the fun of it

I am in blind love
Of nostalgia
Of thanking you all for the life that you gave
I'm living the life that you gave me.

I'm stuck in my mental slavery
Mastering myself with not so simple tricks

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But then I just remember every day,
Every E3 and broken stick,
Chewy trigger and loss or win.
Everything was the life that you gave me.
Everything I have now is the life that you gave me.

And I think to myself that sometimes
I could never remember
Sleeping on your floor in December
With you grinding your ego into my head
As unbearable and faulty it felt,
As if I could never remember
Walking the same path
After every event with you as my final foe
As if I couldn’t ever remember
Every day being perfect
Everything being perfect

Despite the world I lived in
Creeping its dark arms around my soul
Consuming me

Despite everything I did
You gave me the life I still have.

Everything seemed right.
Everything was right.

And I still just wish I’d done anything better
Just to hold onto any fading moment that I could find
While Sousa goes on to do whatever may be done
You’ll never understand what you’ve done to me.

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You all will never understand what you've done to me.
I in port one, with my friends holding two to four,
I'm still a part of that family
The family gathering with Chris,
Pizza box shielding from rain,
Picture box screeching at us.
Everything is in each and every moment.
Okay. And sweet.

One to Three, Me and My Youthful Dream

I'd like
One day to sit in an attic
Or upper room
With a guitarist
In this age
This moment I have
Just to say I did.

I'd like to sing with a group of four to five.
I'd like to be modern.
I'd like to have a reason to cheer on a friend
I'd like a reason to be cheered on.

I'd like to kiss someone
Outside in the snow
With arms around
And surrounded in a moment
Both as airy as it was imaginable.

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I'd like to walk through a field of weeds
With a girl in a dress
And likely three other friends.

I'd like to spend a day in her house
And just talk about life
Or spread whipped cream on
Each other's face
And then end with a fair wave
To guide me home to my pillow.

What was I?
Who was I?
Trying to spark something that must be organic.
Trying to crystallize oregano,
Twist a plastic bag and make garlic.

No.
It would never come to me
Like a bird carrying a glass bottle
Like a timely message from heaven.

Maybe all I want
Is to run with their soul
Making snow angels
And pretending that we're going to be like this forever.
Because we want to be.

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Maybe someday I'd like
To spend an afternoon
Watching the rain on the windows of an upstairs bedroom
Feeling my hand slowly slip in hers
If even just for a mere moment
That we'd forget in our minds but remember with our soul.

I'd like to read or sing with a group of friends
Maybe across the river
And through the Nevada border
Just to say that I did.

Flustered by the Possibility of H

I'm in bad shape.
Waking up wondering where to begin with it all.

"This,"
He says,
Picking up soil,
"This is all that matters."

I look at my computer
I don't know what this is.
I claim to believe I know what this is.
Arm out, critically.
I look at H.

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I look at it.
What is H?
Is it the key?
Is it the electricity?
Is it the action of H?
Will I ever be certain about anything?

H is just another one of those things
Along with the requirements of music,
The meaning of life
And so on.

One of those many unfathomable things,
Uncontainable
Everything as an H with the qualities
Of the concept of H.
Until we stray further and further away from what is
Real.

What really can be real then,
That we haven't already decided.
I'd imagine we'd all be fooled by an illusion
One tangible, consistent, static, physical,
One that abides by all natural forces but a few.

It's as real as the hair on your head,
The thoughts in your mind are the hair on your head.
Your thoughts are reality
You perceive reality as thoughts.
Reality is an illusion -
A real illusion.

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At a point you cannot be certain you see the truth.
We all agree to see the same things
When they're all as real as thought.

I am certain of one thing,
I can really only say
I am.
But a system cannot prove its own consistency
Nor its accuracy.

But there is something deciding me
And everything.
At a fundamental level.
I know nothing else,
But I am.

Daddim

Could have been Daddim
Could have been me
Could have been a sense of dread
Regret, some guilt mixed with jealousy.

It could have been some noise
Some sinking, fading reminder of life.
Could have been just a job done
Something to distract me with my 5 foot knife.

Just a consciousness-shaped hole in reality,
A life-sized hole in the universe.
Daddim.

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Could be an intruder
An item facing imminent threat from above
A colony of friends found in the wrong place,
Wrong time, one love.

Could have been me
Could have been my own mind plaguing me
Just another mouse in the world.
Just Daddim.

Just another Rock and Roll in the road
Another thing I need to shut up
Another hazard whirling about in the neighborhood
Just poor Daddim.

Degloverer

I want you back
Like the Meteos franchise.
Something that's been gone far too long
With far too much tying into my memories.

I feel like I'm a new discoverer
Of something uniquely mine
And my own unique sign alone.
My Backyard,
My Raven,
My clothes and shoes.

I feel like being peeled every moment
Every single moment I'm not here for you.
I yearn for someone to shackle me,

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Yes!
Shackle me!

Shackle me to the planet,
Blue mother,
Because I must believe in you both.

All the neon non-believers like me
With vortex in soul,
Bat in heart,
And oil in more.
We all want to be shackled
Slavery is freedom
Love big brother

I am a lemon
Squeezing and twisting for decades
I wish anyone could show me more
While I jostle chains

Attafish!

What am I?
Cascading through this strange *Scheibe*
Trying to explain how:
I only know I am.

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How do you remember someone who's gone?
How do you remember?
You just remember songs they liked
Scraps they've worn
Things they've held.
That is me.

That is all I am.
If you wanted to have me
After I've gone
You have twenty five fun things to hear.

Isn't that what you grown accustomed to do?
Believe that you're glad
About the times you did spend?
The ways that we, insignificant shears,
Believe we can get past what's gone,
Believing that something can possibly be the same
And heal the hurt because YOU are thankful.

Fac ce vreau
24/7
In every moment I have
In every moment I worry
In every moment that some part of me isn't desperately trying
To hurt me.

If you really want me
If you really can't stand it
With all your antihurts and god particles:

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A glass on the dresser
Full of fish, me.
If you ever wanted to remember me by it.

I am @MTtheMC.
Lucid.
I am every single thing that my body liked.
I am the music and the words that will pass

A consciousness-shaped hole in reality,
That's all I can think of me really being.
I am no more sad than a man living life with dreams.
I just want to be left to my devices
Kept, cared by being a hundred thirty pounds lighter.

Somewhere that I can not make much disturbance
But the webs I'm tangled in
Hurt to purge through
As I try to birth through the uncertain surface.

I think about this.
I do this all the time.
I don't know how many people know this.

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Exploding Soft the Second

Why do they always send the poor?
At entire loss for word
Entirely lost
I am wordless
Feeling worldless
Feeling like high noon
Without food

Like the sun without the rain
Like something went wrong in me

You're like
Just like

You're

I'm just here
With my bed and my body
Marauding some sense of stable
Unshoddy
Mind-functioning attraction to peril
It's not attractive.
It's my life, whatever comes along with it.

It's everyone's life.
It feels all real fair when I'm one of the norm
Sucking out the dextrose from out of my corm.

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So one day I know I'll be really next year.
Instead of next to her.
What do I fight for?
Yeah. What?

And I know
Just what perfect ammo
I am for cannon man of big hand
Brinking me closer to the relation of turmoil

The world is not kind to those who seek inner peace
Or the people who don't know, people like me

Taking a laser to the face every day I am around
I'm some cloud that pretended to rain for near 20 years

Kalindopanes

Array of strips
A vast army of ice
Or quilt squares
Of plastic

My window
My wiggly window
All those holes
All of these beautiful holes

I feel like the rain pouncing off
Of the plastic you take off stickers
Feel like a black friday project
Turned in on time a day late

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What love of humans
Would give us power over them

The window you see
When tiles are too simple

Losing My Head

As a requiem
A storm of rage
Of red and black and chaos

Knowing myself
Knowing herself
Giving up for the rest of our lives

It tastes like blood
It tastes like aroma
It tastes like the self-destruction
I am prone to so often
It tastes like the bottom of the plastic container
Holding the teriyaki sauce

My head down lower and lower
I am no stone soldier
I am just a scorched, smoldering money folder

Like Chaos
A shell
Like Vanilla
A giant flame

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Burning up within me

I should have done everything I could
To keep them near me
But now no one hears me.

Only the couple thousand that dress in awe of she.
One dawn I will wake up,
Dizzy and unbalanced,
In warm water wishing I was yet still with cornea.
Head bobbing in the water like a grapefruit or apple,
Wondering what kind of me went *φάλαινα* (fálaina)

Several Wrong Turns

Sipping down the nectar of some fruit-sounding shape
The past comes back to flatten me as a grape

Feels like my toes sliced one by one,
Perhaps deservingly so,
But it is what I am feeling so far.
So far into these days.

They were right
Hit send
It was all ever my fault
It was my choice and my wrong choices.
It was all up to me.

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I just wish somebody would straighten me out
Just wishing I could forget
Wishing I could get
Rid
Of my endocrine system

I wouldn't be thinking so much
If I could stay focused.
If I had a pulse in the world at all.

If I wasn't such a victim like all the other
Eight billion of us.

If I understood anything
If I ever will.

Some perverse wickedness that keeps me up
Awake remembering the remains of my memories
The fragments
Chips
Tortilla
Shards
Crystal

Of my sweet memories
The worth of which is unexplainable.

I need to let go
Letting go until I hold to nothing.

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At Nine

In awe of she
I am not alone
I am in rainbows
I am not alone

My Tool belt
Turning life from white rice to lunch meat melt
This realization, I've felt
Like a soft fabric, felt.

She don't want love poems
I don't give em
I'm just in awe
Like I doubled my mitochondria

Heart shaped hand
Giving an escape from the daily plan

But I think too much
I'm at the moment of friend
It's a good moment
A place I have been before
A strange shade of brown
That makes me feel better

It's sweater weather
With impossible friend endeavors

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I still understand no thing.
But the blue on your nails,
It makes me want to hold em
Like Texas

You're my coins
We can go and make some joy
Any time you want
You're my coins
At nine.

Poison

Get loose
I got the juice
Watching you
Bathroom floor
Rifle
On moose

Watching your flies
Your possible flies
I'm too loose
Bullet in shoes
Squish the truth

I wish I were in your arms
Chartreuse
I watch you watch me lose

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Gonna get you
Gonna be another arbiter
Of myself

I Would Let You Eat the Eyes Out of My Dead Body

Oh, North America.
Oh, expanse of everywhere you live
I love you,
Oh I love you so much

Thanks, fellas
I never had none against you.
We sucked the water from your holes
And used it against you

Every day when I do my work
You give me the chipper chirp
Because you are dead
And you are ever so lovely

And I thank you
Thank you for perishing that I may live
Thank you for being what you are

As thanks
I will be there for you
Your greenhead
Your fruity little container

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I love you
If I were like you I would go
As far and fast as I cared
Flight with patterns, our congregation unscared
By bullets or mines and men

I love you
If I had the chance to die alongside you
I would lie down to make easy pickings
How to pick up a friend who,
Loves being small as much as I do,
Getting picked up.

As I have eaten you
You have eaten me

I am okay now that I see you
Amid the worthwhile vertical-wood leaven tree
North American waterfowl

I would let you,
As buzzards pluck me like cherries.
Thank you,
I love you.

Soul of Insight

This is so strange
I need to reevaluate
My current cutting edge
Stone or brick I place at corner

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The coroner has come
Cored out my courtship
With worms in the wormwood
Sometime I can remind who I am

I know nothing
Appear as unhinged
I cannot care
Because in order to
I need to feel as certain about something
When certainly I know I cannot attain it.

How fascinating
How insane

Living in an unreal reality
Keeping you so strong as the walls you kiss

You have to be a puppet
In theater to know
A pawn in a scheme to feel controlling

Oh how fascinating,
Survival in the world of unknowns
Is predicated on the self-belief of certainty

Fulfillment in a cave full of spiders
Is to knit webs for your kind alongsider

Your nightmare theater is your heaven.
Your heart is your only home

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Your logical side is a bear trap,
Covered with honey and Turkish desserts

In order to care
You must first believe in tangibility
Make your goals tangible
But I don't because nothing is truly tangible

Goals must be reachable
Because they must be more than simply ideals
Time based
Because they need to be tangible

To be happy
I need to be more than.
I need to be more than be.

But to be more than that is folly
It is opening up the mind to rot
Mold and corruption
It is becoming the corruptible human

Susceptible no longer am I
And so I
I think of meeting someone who may help

And I thought for sure I knew who I was
Back in school
Like spotting a chimney in a forest of kelp

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And so in pain I call farce
Overbearing and intense
With happiness being just a remnant
Of something difficult to hold onto.

It is so hard to live through the world
Where mice and men don't get second chances
When everything may hurt or leave you happy
The potential is what makes you happy

But potential
In all of its potential for evil.
I hate.

To think that I could accept it
To think that at some point I'd have to choose
I've already told you what I'd do.

I'd choose truth over anything in my life
Over self or other
Over F.M.F.
Or F.K.W.
And so here I am with the keys of heaven or hell
Dual choice, one key.
Let's rock.

Now all I need to do is choose.
I just need to learn and choose.

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In order to be happy in something
You must first believe in it
And see it as real
Even if it is not,
Or is impossible.

You have to believe that everything will work
Everything is true
Everything is right
And you'll have a fork in your cake
At the end of it all.

This is of large importance
It appears.

Writing on the Walls

Assuming it's as important as I claim
Should I give away something so useful
I'm the modern Prometheus
Delivering fire
A true ship of Theseus
With a hole in my sails

So I'm suddenly inspired
That existence provides meaning
And that meaningful things cause change

Relaying this to somewhat of a shady character
An individual who has been known to stay constant
Someone who seems to never be able to change

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But change is God
I need to know more to stay on top of my game

Should I give out my soul power
The keys that I hold
For myself to use or throw away?
Players of the game

My silly human brain
Making me think I'm all special
I'm just so similar to every other thinker

But I am still selfish
Dark willed, perhaps.
Maybe I deserve what comes to me
Maybe deserving isn't real

But what do I know,
Someone who thinks what they feel
Someone who lost their grasp on the real
Wishing my play was easier to find
Until I find the secrets of the *Menschscheibe*

Air, Love, Water, Trees

I NEED YOU
More than anything
I need you
I need to feel your warm body
As a pillow for my face
A true *Bauchplatz*

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After what felt like an eternity
Locked up

Trapped in my own mind
In the dark with nothing else
It was my sad little prison
In my dark with nothing else
I only thought of you
And a few other people

I really thought I would lose myself there
Thinking every other person was you
Waiting to free me

All I needed was you like air.
And then you came into my life
Freed me
Felt like crying
Did not know what direction to guide my feelings

It felt like I could throw my soul and you would catch it
And hold it close
Until it was time to refill

If I were A.L.W.T.
Everything I felt before
Is now passing bye-
E

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The Liar's Notebook on Happiness

Why
Whyyyyyy
Why is the world so same as it was
As it used to is before I was informed

Even though I was so tired
And so lost
Now that I have found belief
I cannot attribute it to anything unless I pay

I commit
Promise to something I don't know
How to ever fulfill

What's all the point in it?
My friends are just going to forget again.
And see me fade back into a ball

So I suppose I still need help
I've never wanted anything
And the things I do
Serve to hurt me day in and out
Gay *Dasein*

I design the only things I need
Distractions
Not goals
Distractions

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It appears what I hold to be real
Is in the fakest sense of the word.
And what I have to distract me,

I can't focus much anymore.
Surrounding myself with all-I-wants
Indulging myself in I-must-dos

Looking in the bathroom
Like an indie album cover
Wondering what there is to hold on to
And how to hold on again

I've cut the dreams from my soul
As I'd fat on a roast.
And so I have to rebuild back to something flawable
After I get much rest
I can try seeing my way through to it

So that I won't bounce off of a small hobby
Every ten minutes

Nothing I really want to truly do
Because I know nothing is truly important.
So I guess I will have to be a liar
And watch as the smoke signals
From my pants respire

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One day I will die
And it'll be on my terms in my mind
That is why I obligate
To die without obligation
Is that the truth to finding one way?
To die higher

I am truly at a loss
It helps not that I cannot think clearly.

She-Dream Bubble Machine

What would you do
If you were in a regular place
With regular people

What would you do if you
Knew it would hurt you later on?
I am too tired of thinking about you
I hate talking about memories

I wish I'd get popped
I wish I'd have just listened to myself

Nicotine Blood Sausage

I know I'd do it
Throw away the hamburger
Because you told me to do it

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Wish I had the gumption
Anything to hold my hand on
Any gizmo or goblet to behold
That would make me behave

Why do I want to be
Who I want
Why do I stick with my hands stuck
To whoever I want

I am so sick and tired
Of trying to reach goals
That would kill me if I failed

Perfection never pleased me enough
There is something very hidden and very malignant
That can be fixed by somebody.

I have found someone who understands me fully
I have found my ideal partner
I am scared to make another mess
Another hangman game I have yet to lose

I'm scared of saying the wrong words
Of fighting the wrong feelings
Chalking this all up to my feelings and failings

There's a reason why I cannot be satisfied
There is definitely a reason.

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Throwing away a hamburger
To be in awe of she
Like a her
As if I've never been through this before.

Protectoror

Zjajiiz
Never thought I'd be on your mind a decade later
Never here
Rutabaga

Like a protectoror
I keep your message safe
Locked away in my brain
Where you live and watch the rain

And you listen to Katy Perry
Because sometimes I remember
When I hear her, the last time I heard the name

I still remember your skin
Something very foreign and
Abrasively forced in
To my mind
Thrust in
To my picture box

Keeping padlocks and barcodes
And gallons of small rocks
On top of your little secret

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Because who cares
Or has to know
That the world you gave gave me away

I will always be flushed
Recovering the thoughts I had to find
The acid I licked off the tongue of humankind
Which sent me, like a puck,
Into a ruckus of self hatred and a net
Because I protected you with the weight of my debt

I pay off my pain with
Every word
Every *Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet*
Each of my meaningless words

As you made me feel like I was the deviant I was
The town inside me still and ever longer am

Telling myself every day
I'm the one to blame
Because I protected you
I'm the one to blame.

Crane

Down along the red carpet
I came
I myself with my form of figure
And my shape or frame

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Still as gentle and still as I came
Watching how I construct my frame
In the watery depths of heaven
Where my talons come to drop puddles all the same

With my figure of somewhat perfect man
I wish I'd be able to retain
And keep the serenity afforded from my flame
Winged secret flame
As I swoop the starlit sky into my scream
With the scene teeming with a sea of green

Back to heaven I go
Back to the dream of peace in the wings
In the hangar below
Me and the rest of my hedonic themes

Our little slice where we bathe in milk and cream
Like apple pie made from the apple of my eye
In the rain a crane falls with disdain from the sky
And all of my angels came to tumble
And cry

Seeing such a dove,
A crane,
Leave the last drops of the grimoire
To be quickly trampled
And mocked by the passersby.

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Loosely Someday Doneday

Only wanted
Luci some day

Just as how I wanted
My truth to flow like orange juice
On Sunday

Like peeling back the Bible
As my little nectarine

And Hector meanwhile
Fighting back the green neck
Erecting from his canteen
The vines wrapping around a mind misguided.

We're all doing LSD
Loosely someday doneday

All we wanted were
Friends
Living, surviving, delighting
In each other's little resort

Instead I built myself into a fort
My forté, my Casita, my headspace
I've watched my countenance fall,
Rise, grace, and the rage

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Losing some demons
As the years go on
The water being rinsed away
Leaving me with just the salt and the gunk

My conscience as snappy as a junkyard dog
My heart as crappy as a hunk of lung, charred from smog

Just,
Lonely some days.
Living something dumb
Loving someone deceased
Lying several days

And I just can't wait to get back
On my medicinal LSD
Tricking my mind, not a
Lonely solitude delinquent.

No,
In my mind now a
Lysergic Salamander Diethylamide
Crawling up and down the streets of town
Until I feel my heart stop

Someday I'll be counting my sheep
Until the Wilson wolf attacks me
And I'll be loosely done
Undone someday and done
From then on to loose some of the rest.
The whole rest.

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And let a butterfly with bullet wings
Create a crater through my sternum
And all the girls of the world
Will read my books and watch me burn them.

F.M.C.

Regret
Is like a fine toasting
On every piece of bread
I've had for breakfast
Rarely going without
And being unable to forget
When it has let me go.

Government
Parliament
We are all equal
In a cerebral world beginning to feel real
As ordinary as these feelings are
As regular as they may be.

I am so abusable
Life feels like a table
And I'm just living the life of my knee
In my begrudgingly long day

All I wanted,
I never knew what I really wanted
When it all faded away
Oh, it is kind of crazy

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I got to get you out of my mind.
The love of a deathed one
I am so annoyed

I'm just nine years deep
Into wanting the same thing more and more
Every time I let myself fall
I let myself fall too hard

Now just holding on to anything
And finding anything to hold on to
Because I'm a man-shaped man
I can figure it all out on my own

I'm just not enough of a shape to matter
Life's a Holdable Controllable Ring Boomerang
Things are gonna kill me before they get better.
If I don't do something now,
It's going to be terrible.

Send me an Angel
Or an Angela
Or an Anna

Every unhappy house is uniquely unhappy
Just don't make me wait forever
Stalling the hurt
It's all just an illusion I'd hope.

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Kneepits

It's all I think about after I'm sad
It's something I feel every day
Or largely every day
It eats up my time
Eats the free space in my
Phone and my mind

It's the reason why I didn't want
Another year in the sunshine
It's me, my not-so subtle habit

If I had a good way to cope I'd have it
Otherwise I'm just a silly mouse
A little colony of rats and rabbits
In my perfect little bundle
The place where we keep watch
And watch society degrade
Looking like a funnel
With dead bodies everywhere

I just do it better than most people
And all my close friends do it
It's just the way I deal with things
It's just another can in the cooler for me

Nothing, really.
But someday

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I guess I'd be able to hold my fingers up
In some meaningful way
To signify I can let go
But I don't have good brakes today.

Keeping Off the Lawn, Thanks to You

Testing my methods against the bitter
The inner flaws I face 7 hours after dinner

Previously poised perfect
To push down on pulleys and snares
Now gave my efforts to lifting and prayers.

How alive?
I am alive.
That's how alive.

One of the rare times I say I enjoyed the morning
Even though I messed up,
I messed up,
I remembered what the good book shoulda told me

One of those good mornings I feel ready to strike
I should tell her
That I'm ready
I am alive.

No longer asking myself how alive I am,
I know the answer now,
But how divine am I really?

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Do you want to play a game?
If you aren't doing anything today?
I'm ready today.
I'm ready to do it.

I had bad dreams
But I hate living them much more
It's no fun smoking
It's no fun eating suckers every hour
I know that now.
I know that now,
I know the four letters in the meaning of hope

The Girl Who Feared to Die, The Guy Who Invited Death

She stayed
Still and safe
In the comfort
Uncomfortable
Alone and full of worry

Every waking moment fading
From one blurry picture
To the next
Watching your prime years
Like watching lava turn meadows to steam

I wish life were as easy
As instructions on a can
Holes on an instrument
Knobs on a dial

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He found out everything there was
And found himself still in peach cans of despair
There's nothing written in the omnipotence
About forgiving oneself

And oh the humans,
All he wanted,
He just wanted to become like peach can
And crumple himself and toss himself
Into the ocean or somewhere far away
Where the pollution of the world rests like roses
On the chest of the dead

He elected to stay put
Imagining what it's like
To be just or be dead
Could not contain either
Within the small, little grasp of the mind's reach.

Still and safe
In the world full of
Indifference
Humans of the victims of others

And it all makes more sense
When you disregard what is true
And you start to realize what you can't do
Anything
In your little bubble of certainty

The elect for death to take him next
So that she could have another seventy or so

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We never get what we really want
There's just too much restricting us
Too much keeping us away from what we want
Too many headaches scrambling our head noise.

She stared at the court-martialed and hanged
The glad and the black-banged
Life stared her right back in the eyes
She found a motive somewhere,
That she could stay here in a world
Marked by the passing periods
Of people being cut off.

It's such a sage
How can you even save anything in the world
How can you find that self forgiveness
How do you go forward?

I See You, L

I watched Effie with grace
Walk down the red carpet
Hand clasping for all I know,
The new ruler of the Nez Perce
But that was just really difficult.
Truly, what I have now is far worse

I'll be seeing you
You'll be careening
Whiteboard or blackboard
Dusting me off the fingertips.

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Because oh well,
Can't let go like a rope on a nail

They buffed Snail.

Starlit
They could have been
But bulletproof, I wish I was,
I so wish I was.
I am now scarlet.
Crimson, blue and bedridden
Thinking about your decisions

And the plank in my eye that was stuck so long
I wish I was on
But I'm off like Oneiroi

I can't help but satiate my own desire at will
But remember the fire
I build in my heart every day

Until I slowly turn a scorching shade of
Mandarin Sunray
It never matters now that I'm in the future
The future where you call
Monday a fun day

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Always livid
Living back
Living to get back what was left behind
Done enough but,
The finality of the past,
It's enough to drain each of my chloroplasts

I am done
So done caring
Maybe I should accept the truth and go on
Scared to do anything

I'm not perfect
I'm only just trying to stop hurting myself
In this way

Watching as we go on infinitely,
My face turning a dull gray shade
The grill turning my heart into
Your heart Cabernet soufflé
For a mere price of damning my day
I wish I was more of a forgetter
Than reaching for what was taken away.

Mutterschiff

I think too much
Make too many plans
Too many ideas

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Talking hurts
I just lurk
On the web and search
My middle lamella,
Your little Cinderella
And an archer birthed in the middle earth

In the smitten east,
Leaving someone behind,
Nevermind, just leaving someone else to reap the grapes
From my mind

It's time for players
To play the game I set up in my IDE

Man, this is so wrong
That ain't good like a bad day
I saw the one who you cared about
And now I see myself with beard of gray
Shirt of green and hairless, glasses-laden white.
I won.

Love's worth a pound of flesh's weight in gold.

Chakra gone when the barrel hit the climax
Of a circuit begun with a few grand and jealousy
When I smell blood in the water
I get ready to remove the beckoning calls

I get ready to remove the past
With all of its axes and mallets
But I weaponize them.

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I wish I could stay and play more
But I've got things to do.
Things.

Things to myself
But never things to help forget.

Bruiserbrain

A loser, feeling abused and insane
Grit teeth firm like bird on a worm
Chewing through guts and grit grain
Hearing new bruises every few muses
From a nursery rhyme

Why am I so stupid
Horribly stupid in the past time
Why do none of my choices make any sense
As the past has concluded up to the the present.

Every neutron, every single computer,
He tugs the chain of the putrid screw screwer
And screwed he was, in pain with bluer rain
Than he'd ever seen in the runes of Spain

I wish I could hold a newer plan
In plain view
Chooser of the path, the one his brain knew.
One more time, your time, my time
I'm broken and I'm your true
Suture stain

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I could have had everything I ever wanted
But I'm stuck with a blade in hand
Bruisering my brain
Blistering my matchbook

Merrifeld (As Long As You are Still There)

He is devastating

F.F.F.

Just scroll past
Don't bother
Don't question, worry
Don't father,
Don't ask about me

Talk about me
Or just think about me
Don't bump your head to my works
Don't give me your praise

Don't remind of me past
Seriously don't
Don't whip the past out the path of your sheath
Don't cock your past with chambers like strangleholds

Don't talk about boys
Or men or girls or anyone
Don't remind me of how much you love the game
When I love the game of life
The same as a mayfly by the bullet of the day

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Don't remind me
The first time I really saw you
In his apartment

I think I'll forget about that as long as I

Praise God!
Come and rejoice!
Fi fie fo, one two three,
X why I Z my choices.

I'm building holes in the sand
With my head
I build craters to step and fall in
When I remember I have to let go like a bad breakup
With a world I feel so large in

It is very, very interesting
How I choose to hate the ones I love.
It's how I forgive myself,
By hurting others

When in reality I should just be
Really be
A pile of pages in a drawer somewhere
A few mouthfuls of electrons

When I meet my haymaker
On days like that
I loved her more than anything
I'm a liar, I'm the biggest liar on the planet

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But I'll get over the…
I'll get over something
In a cell or a box or a hammock
What a mammoth
Of a scourge I fed myself

And every day
Each intersection
I have to face what I've done
Unless I wanna go down and out
Sown by the world that seems much too small for me

I need to start writing more harmoniously
Instead of harm

And I'm sure someone smart
Will help me to not be at my own throat
Like two people who were best friends, had many falling outs and collided one day
In the best day he ever knew

I hate your laser
You hit me from a hundred planets away
You'll be okay
Just like what everyone tells me

I'd rather go like a novelists finest making
This me is the world's for the taking

Here
I
Am

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And say it with me, without me,
I'm the one to blame.
(I'm the one to blame).

Blizzard in a Snowstorm

She was here
Right here
Next to me

She was the most real anything could have been
She is
Wanted, needed, everything.

Gills

I feel like Giovanna
In a garden
Like something I wasn't was
The day prior
And I'm worried in my guts
About what went down into my head

The space out there ain't culpable
Or capable of holding me

I just wish every day were like this
Every day were eating a strawberry with God-given permission
And not slice and simmer
Through a God-suggested persimmon

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It felt nice to come back to home
Where I am stressed and confused

Drugs

C3 Green
Or even,
Medium green
Vertical and slight trapezoidal
C3 Green

It was a box
Like a little city
Making a little city disappear

Boxing the boxy box, boxes.

Dreaming tonight
Dreaming of the most beautiful song
The greatest song I have ever crafted out
Of nothing

Dreaming of the song that would go on to sell
Some tens of thousands of copies or so
Of nothing

It's like when I'm facing some place unknown
Alone
Embezzled into its smell
Its small smell

Felt like Rheasilvia.

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Blizzard in a Bottle

I run
As far as my feet will take
As far as my logical side wants
As far as I'm able to make a return trip
So I feel

On God
I fall on
My knees
So much weaker than they should be

As the hollow creatures of the night
Gassed around my head
And the creatures of the deep clicked their rocks together
Beneath my ears in a landfill

I felt my heart tear and stand still
As I felt I could find a savior
And I just had to wait and watch
For my green-lighted savior
If she was there

In the hand-guided creatures of the deep,
The handcrafted creations of the hollow night
They chewed through me like
I could not guard anymore

I'm blizzard

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In every soft so often that
I got to shake off the chewing faces of the weather
The hollow wind

I saw the tasty branches
I heard the sheltering birds
I saw black on the sky
The regret-colored sky I saw
Every time I placed 5th and walked with Hector.

And every time I looked up I saw a smell that hurt
That fleeting-titled face I will not let myself fall in again

I saw the lights cycle on and off:
On and off the surface of the water.
And I heard the sweet end of the universe
The sweetest denouement.
Listened as I waited for their end
To soften the crispity of the water
Instead I ended up just in the sky.

In the sky where they forgot to turn on the stars
Because of the pollution
I took myself and my two wet inches
At the low end of my ankle
With me to find a savior
With lower stakes and lowest expectations

Shaking the feeling that I could be self-graduated
Because how could,
When could,
Can I could,
Could I?

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The two damp inches
In tow
Towing my line between home
And a hollow night
Back as a blizzard in a bottle
In my snowstorm

My maelstrom, walking
Into a closed store like a church's petrichor
I don't need food
Finding a savior

I fired my laser attempting
Getting a place where a van wasn't
Shaving my will off, from what made my soul
Believe it is a man
Shuffling away from the aplomb I'd need to strike a car.

What would you do for an aplomb strike car?

Anycide,
Suihow,
I found myself by a light
No savior
Never a savior
My finding a lending and buzzing light

Of course taking me to hold against it like
My cheek to a plastic sink in the backdoor room.
Wondering if cancer came from a black pole zoom,
A decks dark gloom, buzzing tune.

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Doing drive bys like up and down my thighs
I really am stuck here
At any rate
I'll wait
Wait
Wait
Wait
Wait
Wait
Wait
Wait

Then "hi"
That's all I know.

The Bottom Line

I'm unwell
I need help
I'm just going to go through it

Alright.
Let's begin

You know that feel
When you overlook the side of a mountain
That's every moment for me
That is every moment

You get those feelings
Like you're in awe and can't fully take it all in
Like you have somewhere deep beneath you to jump

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Something is actively
Going against my own well being
And it's not the part of me
That wants to be full spirit

It's the part of me that doesn't listen to me
I've given myself trauma
On purpose and with the intent
That I would be permanently scarred
For the reason that I really felt I deserved it
And because I knew my anger could result
In something much worse than a bruise on the wrist

I've wished things on myself
That most people would wish aren't possible

I live in that area
Between curiosity and despair
About the malleability,
The liquibility,
The forceable actions man can do

The more upset I get about it
The more I try to bring myself down
With my healthier side feeling worn and tired
And the worm in my Emreggad burying me
Into the pit, part 1.

I've found out a lot of things that are useful
Inherently useful
They don't change anything on their own

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As I act like yeast
People say I should feed the feast of pills
Cans of sweet potato extract
Red and white and full of inner peace

If I wanted drugs
I'da just done drugs
I'm done, drugs.
Consciousness itself is one drug,
It really is.

But where does it end,
I'm only happy when my soul can enter its little capsule
Forbidden from the view
Of everyone and anything else

But I still can't do what I want to do
What my friends want me to do

So, *Entschuldigung*
Therapy soon.
Someone, Answer.
Better than my therapy head balloon

I don't have anything that's really important to me
So I'm going to figure it out with the help of another
I still don't know if my soul believes my body is real
There's a lot of things I can do to heal

Almost every night
I wish I was a lily of silicon and copper
But I'm just a silly little carbon and protein cork stopper
I will be a flower of low voltage and transistors

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Parrysocial

Just like I was
And people don't change
But at least with longer socks,
Shades and a shave
I can pretend
And distract myself with something in the new age

Just as I was. Am?
Just as I
Wham

Yeah
I'm just still stuck
My adorable little parasite
With hands soft and shaky
Nervous and lone
Writing like I've got all the time in the world
Because I find myself a solace

But in this crystal palace
My soul is still stuck years ago
In my unbalanced return to self-violence

My superhuman might,
Me and my mycelium
My microbiological
Me and my parasite

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It's on sight.
On parasocial sight of a socialite
Immediately I'm just stuck
Conditioned to write instead
Of trying to fix something I can't control

And when she steals me
And I get stolen by the winds to the Oz
I patch myself with gauze and antibacterial
And when it all settles I remember

All I wanted
Was to humbly play Revelator
To learn everything there is to know
About the things I care about most
About the things that keep me busy
Distracted and occupied

A subtle Magnavox
To keep my distressed and lost
Collection of organs
From becoming a fading hum

So all I end up caring about is the things that I do
But it feels very wrong
It feels so wrong that I would live in
A world where such devastation can happen

I know what the God you all believe in says
One of these days I'll be free
I'll be walking the sands of time
I'm just getting looser, more done with it all.

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I always eat doom before my dinner
I wish I had anything I wanted
But I'll just stay thin
With my hope getting thinner

On the Day Before I Die

I know what I said about hope
And all that
But this is my little outlet
I don't care what I said about hope
Just to get my feelings out

Gosh I take up too much space in here
Just saying nothing at all

I'm stuck wishing that I could be better
Believing that there are people who do better
But me and my something something
We're holding hands trying to push our
Toast-flavored hands down the toaster hole

Every breath is that bullet
Mulling over this dull folder of days
I know someday I'll run away
With my mouth open as I run into that gray haze

Before I die
I'd like to do everything I ever wanted
My bucket list is longer than I can read
I just dive in to try and see anything I want to complete

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But there's everything against me
Impermanence of data
The fleeting moments of time
Humans being beings of human nature
The vast incalculability of the whole world

My soul declared war in the world
And some say the weight of the world broke me

On the day before I die,
I'd just like to die
Just to die
And ride the something
Deeper into the soul of the night

It has been a dreadfully long day
Spanning nineteen years

Spent Four Hours Not Listening to My Favorite Albums or Rom Hacking

Ashu:
Ah shoot.
It was just 6
Spent quite a lick

It’s just one field to the other
One hole of pain
One hole of pleasure
I once did have some very sweet
Memories indeed

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“What Do You Fight For?”
At breakfast

I couldn’t ever love nobody who didn’t understand me
And now I think I finally understand me.

It was just 6
I was waking up and thinking about,
“Talk About You”,
I was just thinking about how my day would go
How great I would go
I keep crossing paths of gunfire
Now just to determine what to do with the time I have

It is so interesting
Maybe I will do something worthwhile today
Instead of dreaming about it.

Smlbrds

They are there for me
When I am not there for myself
I can’t fly from hill to mountaintop
From branch to finger from
One to the next, I can’t.

I can’t heal,
I feel like I’m with bruised wing
On the counter of even a Wing Stop
Chirping at life
The life
Chirping at *the* life.

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They cover my feathers in fire
And garlic and pepper and lemon
They fill my mouth with oil.

I fill my mouth with the oil you give me.

They are me when I am not myself.
Like one of them I can be, I
Can change I can
Stand on my own
Stand, on my own.

“I’m dearly sorry”
They look at me wishing they could be strong
Able to take a hit and still walk the next day
They wish I could be small too
And carefree and mountain-flying

And we take each other back to our cage
In the palm of my beige I feed her Brach’s
She’s my blue little aspiring-to-be
She’s my future me, my healthy combo of:
I treat him like a bird plus I know I can change
Like my brave little flier with her assorted seeds.

Sabrina’s Glass

I think I may have a clearer vision
Of what I’m looking to find
I’m looking to find myself even more
But I know more than I’ve ever known.

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She flies
To be my wings when I am flightless
In this breathless and vast world.
A testament.

And she is

As knee-deep as I am when finding new games
New things in decade-old cans of spam
As I connect to a few small cans of electrons
A few small cans are we

Until I get cancer or get into an accident
I'll enjoy every day I get as I get on
Knowing more and giving more
Believing more and knowing the same

With her, her own Cartesian Doubt
Sequence,
And all included in its discussion and exchange

Unser Erdschiff
Our title of Cytus 2
Our track eleven on Amnesiac

And our belief that we are only gone when what we love is gone
When we hold on to data impermanence
And disregard the permanence of things we can't handle

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Once I am clear for takeoff,
As I'm near to break my poor choices
And thankful to break out like Atari or Chinese take-out
(I have a sesame allergy)

I'm just wanting to play Revelator someday
And forget about the black mass creeping my each step
Crawling behind me
Like an autoscroll level I've forgotten from a game I liked.

I just want to possibly be left alone
So that I don't feel inhibited
Changed or altered,
I'll stay safe in a world of distortion

I'll stay with myself, where I know I'm safe
Once I fix myself and know enough I can
And maybe decide that I want to be more than a man

I'll be with her
With a family of us and a few extra
Finding each small thing that we can
Creating setups and scenarios in anything

Lovers of programs and
Data savers
As calm as a screen without power,

Those looking for knowledge
Who ultimately conclude "I don't know"
That is something good in the world

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We wish we weren't so human
But we could be like our innocent machines
Instead of hormone-reeking beings
Marred by the power of our free will.

When all we wanted was to know
And all we wanted was to guide our souls.

Staubeurneide

I know, I know. I know.
I remember and I know by now
That I should not focus on the ill elk
The hell-bent and unwell folk
The abnormal human or the normal
The imperfect or that beautiful letdown.

But I still check the ill-felt
I see the hunt in their eyes
In my own

The world is so unimaginably and
Unbelievably cruel
Irrationally bent and disturbed

As we fall and falter
The salt of the earth gets a smidge more salter
Revealing unto us
The background intuitions
Of our revenge-seeking
Plan-having attackers,
The parts of us that like to hurt.

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The world is so desolate,
Foreign to me.

Dead.

Death is our final quiet release
Out of this world
The world of hidden miseries
Forbidden words that people take for granted
Death is the soft hand to hold us through our hardest pain

Life puts us into our shoes
To give us something to hold onto
But I'm finished carrying the world on my neck

I only want to be forgotten
I'm perfectly okay
With becoming the smell of
My planet after she rains.

Caesarian

You are listening to the top hits
Of the new generation
The greatest hits from the old and the new

Wheelchair noise followed by explosion

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If you order now you'll get
Another super special gift
That's right
Don't wait
Call in now

The FIRE!

A flame-sounding noise with some indescribable voice

Please advertise

Help your friends find the right kind of fish
In our new pond
Set

Matchstick.

Do please advertise

I feel foggy but in my furry plastic doggy
I know that we're paying to lie
And be lied to by
Plastic trees and fish
Man I wish I was still a kid
Kicking rocks and sticking the ones
In a bottle of who-know-whats
For my leecher leaves to bring through

We all put up with so much
Human feces

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Humanical
Disgusting
Lie-ful
Bottles of who-know-whats

I just wanted an expensive little
Bottle of rocks
And brain

My plastic plates and fish I'll ride on
Data is data
Trash is trash
I wish my body and soul
Like boulder and ankle detach

But you know the kind of hold on hold

Fake pair of handcuffs
Shelf-life ideas
Selling our mind toys for another season

A body-made gift for the body and not the soul.

Greed of Rain

You are so unbelievably greedy.

Pshhhhhhhhhhh

You need to wipe the sin off your face
You need to
Look at all of your friends withering

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Dying-
Pshhhhhhhhhhhh

They're dy-
Pshhhhhhhhhhh
D-
Shhhhhhhh

Don't shut me out
Don't cover my flame

But then the sun came out
And washed away the rain
And all of the pretty green tabernacles
Dried up and drank up

Until the employed
Threw a cup of pure bliss
Into their veins and mouth
And they were happily, greedily, filled.

Phase i²

My soul has been planted
Into the soup
The soul dance,
Skull dancing romance.

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Why did it take me so long?
Was it because I couldn't grow like flowers
I didn't know how to forgive myself
And soothe the ache inside me

Maybe nothing I did ever mattered
Life is meaningful but worthless
Anything I've ever muttered
All gone and speechless in the end

Why couldn't I feel like that
Every
Day

With my own eyes standing up
To be counted
And made met

Knowledge has completed me
Patience and silence has kept me
The god upstairs keeps my hairs straight
But they're tangled
Like a cat's purr

Broken messiah

I think finally now
Everything is beautiful
I can let go peacefully
And throw Emreggad in the coffins.

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Cuatro Fish and Bosch

They didn't hire me for the metal in my mouth
Nostra Dios.
And Rameses the Third
Elder the Young
And Blimy the Younger
"Cry me" said the Elder

This deepening darkening depth
Making me all hungrier
The frustration I got from the metal
In my tongue a little bit toungrier
Breath a little bloodier

A little bit older, a little bit twenty.
A new era, an age,
Contrary Contreras
I am thriving and fitting
Like my Corvette
My corporal punishment
And federal agent steel bars

This cerebral world beginning to feel real
It will never happen
I shake in that way and I snake.
Dried up eel.

I shook up the Hieronymus
Painting of my brain
Last night when I read braille
With the disputed power vein

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And as I marked the X on my defeat
I laid back in red-eyed angry heat
Dropped a whole lot of meat to my feet

I'm just a deer trying to find her food
In the scene of my eyes, that is seen.

I am so, so sorry, soul.
I'm just simply stuck suckling at a dripping pipe
In an alleyway by an eroded hole

Strawberrussy

Shaking up and shoring up
The Hieronymus hole in my mallet
The fist in the ballet

My fish in a ballot
Box of hot chocolate
I’m all just saying things
That make me feel like a coat
Of soft wall-mounted
Wool pockets

It doesn’t mean anything further than I can throw
A baseball

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Back to the taste of the baseball.
Nothing's as dusty or dirty
When licked and thrown in the Nevadan soil
Or handled post-bacon cookery covered in
(Man I wish I was linen)
(Man I wish I wasn't so full of oil)
The oil.

I'm going to take out the parts of it
That make me feel damp and musty
My eyes invoking crustacean being a
Noticeable bit less crusty

Is this the new era?
No, this is the same era
With a different (mind)set of hands

I just came through a different connection
To the earth and the earth's bubble around me.
Huawei and in durable wearables
I'll get rid of my rapeseed epinephrals

How to get rid of one's own face and
Reticles

Unbiased Cat Amigo

Men these days
Guys in these times

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I sure did hate what happened years ago
To what happened to us years ago
In the yesterday, when my thoughts,
They were cracked open because of something severe

And lately felt I, the pain of emptiness
Trying to find my lonely comrade
In the box of Legos
Like a child searching for someone

I am like a man
I am just someone who
We need to be

There was someone I needed more than anything
But I'm just, I'm just.

I feel like everyone's watching the new episode without me
And when the sword comes
I think people expect me to flail
But I'm okay with being so soft to hold back

I'm okay liking who I like
I'm going to ride my bike
Across a lake and into the stratosphere
Through a wormhole and out of this universe
I don't want to be loved,
I think I really just want to be me.
I want to know what I am.

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Salt Climbers

I just wished to play one of my favorite games
I cannot complain anymore now that I've got
Transport and the ability to go places
With the ball in my court I drove
New and clean as a dove
Until the white of her eyes shone with
A familiar smell of love

And when I got
And fell in there
We played square and straight
But I thought I'd need a place to think
And I became a shake weight

For her friends
They throttled me
And kept me held back and sore
I thought I wasn't so sick anymore
But I became just as simple as my mind
Would intend to restore
Despite the fight I took to avoid the day

The clay I became was no more than just my memory
And so I stayed there for months
In my own Odyssean tragedy
In the manner of the flower eaters
When I just wanted to pet all their petals

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But they pet all my petals
And consumed me like a void
Like a vortex
And I became withered like someone
I liked,
They became stuck in that state between slavery and bliss.

Basset Clown

Anyone up?
Anyone awake?

I stay here with my soft body
And ache
For something new to change the tide
Making me more than Staubeurneide
Making me wake easier
Than a dog yelping

An app has historically been helping
My best friend to shelve me
With the marshmallows and dressing

I wish she was here
To share a moment with

Just to stick my hand in
A little moment of peace
I try to write all the time
But I forget the words to help

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It's just me roaming the face of the earth
Going here and there, walking across
This is another one I can count as loss
Taking up space in my mind
The page
The promise.

Short Shorts Snort Short Snorts

In this equation
In this
Typhoon of a bad mother behemoth

It looks like a screen door
In some dusty old place
Someone's place I may have seen
And been to before where
I walk in and see something modern

A way to move vertically and forward
But catching my eye, like pink
Seeing several fiends give me a sight
Making it impossible to sleep for past a wink
And I crank out a sigh
With the snake in my eye
Forgetting to think as I take my time
And bury me in Spanish.

Several seeming fiends
Making me wonder what happened to the
21st century code of ethics

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I don't give a nickel
I'm too healthy to know the exchange rate
All I know is that I've stepped on a trap

That's right, a trap
You can take your exchange rate
And life and thenceforth book
I'm just waking up in a strange crate
Filled with crossword puzzles, mazes, and hooks.

Suez Canal

This really feeling like a world too unreal
And the steel wool began
To look like a meal
I just be laying in my pizza coffin
Jumping down the alley
Coughing and laughing
As I mutter my "Finally."

I'm gonna grab a padded cell
If I got to sit in this suburban
Alarm, morning bell
Surrounding me and the dog.

In my dreamlike fog,
(Not dreamlike reality)
I don't give any ounce to the
Trials and technicalities of the world
I believe I live in,

I love in.

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And I breathe out
Relaxing my lungs and feeling my stomach

Writings Before My Most Hated Drug

All the pretty birds came out to play tonight

It's nights like these
Where I wish my focus was more streamlined.
I'm going to fall,
I just know I am.
Only so long I can write things
That are tangentially related.

I'll find something, some way to focus on
The important things

And make words that are better fitting together.
I just need my consciousness snorted.
Yeah, that's it.
Shoot it up.

Manipulatoror

Can't look you in the face
Enabling my Medusa gene
I'm sorry for the way I treated you
Put you through and treated you

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These days I'm cracking
Packing, stacking, drawing voting districts.
My family of one misfit
Soon to add a second.

As I stand trying to rub that smell out of my eyes
Saying my apologies
Apologizing with a letter in disguise

An empty drum full of safety
Self-love, self-care
And an arachnid

On my weblike, interstellar telescope,
My Webb,
I find my opening and sink the needle through my forehead

And I draw her in
With my *Iesous-farbe* parables
Away from the horrible and towards the cable of who you
Really, truly are.

And by the time she's gone so far
And away from anything else
Somehow in my mind, I'm changing so completely
House, home, and garden,

That my heart stops fluctuating
Between soften and harden
And things wouldn't be like they were so often
Flipping every flipping table in the line of time,
Of every Ecclesiastes 9:9

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I'm so close to being a lime in the eye
And telling everyone I know
That life could be a lie isn't helping
But sometimes the way I feel is my brain completely melting

I'm sorry for being a swollen pain in the eye
You said to stop writing about it
And pack up the pencils
But I guess, try and live something better
Bear with me between my mental and well elemental.

Got The Life?

I look around
In this room, how it could be improved
As a circular realm of some monocolor
Of some clouds and familiar faces

So tired
Of Chemistry books
Confused looks
Unremarkable gestures

Eight billion of us jesters

I got it.
I got the life.

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People don't ever understand why
I said that death is like welcoming arms
They think of all the great evils and harms
Resulting in death
The loved ones they love
Put under the cape of the big white skeleton
In the alternate dimension

They emphasize about angels too much
Too focused on the small victories
Small gain that life flicks at us
Like uncooked pieces of rice.

The spice of death is like your life to me.
It's how our bodies allow us to escape the pain and tragedy
How people hurt so much until they just can't any longer

A horrible event gives way to death
But in death you rest as if you've never heard of rest
But while that horrible moment happens
You're still alive.

You've already got the life
Held onto the life you put on such a pedestal
And maybe for good reason, you should stay in
The place where you can bring change

I think a lot of things in life are small distractions
Which is why it's difficult to find a larger goal
A larger purpose, larger life value.
Ironically a shared remnant of a Christian's walk.

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I already got the life,
I got it.
As for me and my body
It's ‘til death do us part
Though everything in me wants
To be far, far away from it.

Erklären Sie Das

Some days he thinks about the old and distressing
Undressing for a father blessing
These days he falls and stays busy holding
And with an ample time confession
To a body that consistently remains gravely

In the graveyard fog I hold a misty finger
Towards the direction I want to go
Towards something unknown,
But more is known about what there isn't than there is.

I just wish it would all stop
Taking a page from *The Girl in Red*
It's just that it's all unexplainably upsetting
Not helped by my hole-filled perfect view of the world
The mirror of the world shines back on me
It hath shewn me
Every one of the devil objects scattered around the world

I'll explain it in detail in some other prose
But for now
Let me go to sleep
Let me rest

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How can you rest at a time like this?
When there are children crying,
When monsters are nearby,
When the safety of the world is at stake?

One day
Yeah, one day
I'll fall like a snowflake
On the hills of northern California

Vivere La Muerte

In some dream you find me
Laying on the prairies made of wires
Beneath the LED-lit sky
Powered off for the night

In some moment of finality you find me
On my knees complete
And in complete supreme belief
Becoming one with the figure that resides in me.

Maybe a friend or some vigilante would know
And would be there to let me go
In a basket down the river
The long river to the edge of consciousness

My *liberatore*,
My deliverer.

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How many years has it been
That I've felt like a wet floor sign?
All I wanted in my individuality
Maybe
Was to have Xrd -Sign-
But I grew up on UNIEL
And ended up with much confusion

When I find my long term goals
Walking out of life with holes in my clothes
I'd like to be consumed by birds of prey

But something about humans inventing
Clean ways to end another quickly

Nuzzling a barrel
Like a termite
If in this fragile life
I find out that it's all just a theory of life
That's when and only I say
That
"You were right"
But until then
I'll be here, on the electric grass
Under night.

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Cobblestone Path

I was a French clockmaker
Walking cobblestone, troublesome paths
Back home
Where I make myself my home

I was a mother in the midwest 40’s
With every bit of care in the world
About the future world’s view of obsolete
Pot on the stove for every nineteenth hour

I was a German worker
In silicon and semiconductors
Being put to use

Being put to use in all
On the cobblestone path

My Death and Rebirth Last Winter

It never seemed like it was a thing
Other than a short while a
Long while ago was it.
It is the rightmost end of my parabola

I guess the colonies
Of rats and rabbits change after all.
Of mice and men with shovel to the neck

Figuring out I'm just yet a small canary on
An interstellar cellular trek.
On track these times
When I've never felt better
There was a soft part last winter
Making me feel like I knew better

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I wish I could feel like that
Every
Day!

It's all right, it's all mine.
All of it is mine.
Every day

Thank you to all the God, Saud, Llod, sod and
Nuclear rods
That helped me push through
One door to come face to face with another

At least my socks didn't get wet
Walking in the lake of fire
It's always been some thing to hold onto
Wading through this *Menschscheibe*

Artificial Light

I don't need to know the physics
Of the world
Looking
Feeling the droplets slide down my arm
My smooth and soft arm

That nobody else may have
I know
But I don't need to know about how it all works

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I just watch the trees bruise
Hammer
And shake

In an unspeakable place
Where, though the outside quake,
We feel too warm and uncomfortable

It's easy if you try
To think of your roses out in the greed of rain

Artificial light.
It's almost like the color of the sky
Was meant
To be the right temperature

But it's not
So thank you

And thank my friend
For being in the eye of my storm
The artificial light when the times go on in the dark

I imagine it being just like this
Being able to lay outside
With my feet on the grass
With my faith in the grass

Clean, smooth, connected grass
It's so good in the morning
Becoming the soil of rain
Of the art streaking down my arm-soil.

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Appleseed Ingrained

A skyscraper
Questioning how much I know about the world

Each of us existing in our greed of rain
Mouth's open, ready to engage
With the life we live in vain
And pretend to live freely

I'll cross the river when I want to
With steps as giant as I want to.
As if exiting the mouth of John Coltrane,
If you had the faith of but an appleseed ingrained
You wouldn't feel so hopeless-
Ness in the greed of humanity

If you weren't a stick stuck in a stubbornness tree
Like an stubborn apple Enfain
Maybe the cider and ale
In the apple of the tiger
Would joust your riblet
To get up, arise past your heart and clipped wings,
Beak and driver,

We're all just bushes in the breeze of the life
The endless breeze blowing from heifer to returning zephyr
The roses by my window will die by their own due letter
But if they die, I will let them,

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I will let her take my petals away
At a time, each, representing a debt
From a maroon-colored debtor

If humans all like me sat and festered
Letting their legs tied up with satin fetters,
If they had the faith of an appleseed implanted,
In the good, the pure, and the better…
Yes.
I watch them fly out of the greed of rain
Leaving my petals to wash in the meta.

Lily

My one, two, three
Always one hundred and twenty three.

With
Rev 2 with
Kaylee
With
Luci and with
Christ and
With love
With hope, with
Knowledge,
With the lines in the concrete that cannot be passed

With hymns,
With the body I love so much with
My hatred for all two legged (with)
Human bodied people

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But then I meet eyes
With a lover of life
A planner with
Goals for his future

But it happens with them

Why wouldn't it happen with her
Or with a longer-haired me?
Or with an even-longer-haired me?

It was all things I couldn't live without
All until the egg cracked on my Cartesian Doubt
And now I can live; without.
With
The without.

We'll go so far
And live with
Food in our mouths
Until you're with me
Without giving me the without.

Now I live.

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Cartesian Blur

Nothing in this world makes any *verdammt* sense
Every coat I put on over my forty two other coats
Only makes me wish and wonder,
Like a fish in a whole spatula blunder,
If I could be more true to myself

Even after I peel off the wolf skin
After I reel back the tape of the scene
I slunk down in the prairie,
In the moss and greens,
If I could be the normal human

The regular and average fellow
To be everyone except myself
To know everything there is to be sure of

And there she was
She was the crab at my pound

I'm tired using binoculars
To see four inches in front of me
There's a truly uncountable number of people who are me

Influx of flux to inhale with my myrrh
Burning the metal to fuse my burrow together

I wish things were simpler in our scarlet weather
The scarlet weather where we hike and
Act like we know better than our bodies say
In the moment of a dawning scarlet day

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Nothing in this world makes any sense, *verdammt es*.
Hold onto me as you forget,
Oddspeed, and fog bless.

Walking the Vista, Day 1

I've got so many bad thoughts buzzing around my head
Like the male genome in *ihre Eier*

On my way to fill my eyelids with a ten dollar bill,
Ire
And both the islands on fire

Filling the flotillas of the sockets
With doubt
My tortilla barely holding onto my
Cartesian clout.

I've got so many bras around my mind
That I've forgot how to start celebrating

I want to die in my prime
But not to end my time but to be a prime survivor.
Joy
But so many people
Looking at me like Bedouins
Looking down and expecting to see my collenchyma.

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Walking the Vista, Day 2

It’s like you could peel exponentially infinitely smaller layers
Off of me
When I look, looking like hope
That I am never nor longer alone

Breaking up
My archae, my trachea-saurus
Wishing I was forever flawless

Even the oldest parts of me have yet to reach
That declawed state of calmness
And I wish I could say, that
I would be more careful and pay attention, I promise.

You know something, French vanilla muffin?
I questioned everything at all costs
No matter the cost.
Past the point where it hurt you and made you want your life to end.

Fertile, flawtile, volatile.
I’ve drunk olive oil.

The Movie Titled Hummingbird

Maybe it’s at the point
I just realize I’ve got to stop
Thinking about it all so much

But when I see two people
I just feel like a wineglass against a brick wall

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Blizzard in a Car Stereo

I want to break off all my friendships
Like a broken candy bar
And remember what we all loved and had

I Ordered Dinner to Ease My Mind

In times like this
I know music can put me in a place that will temporarily scar me
Instead of help me
A dichotomy
Scarf Tar in on full health Starmie

I ordered the wrong plate
Now I pass the torch
To when I am finished with my wheat and barley
In my mind state
Where I'm not whining to Nine every time
My mind needs another head in the army
And basket

You Critique the Patient. Rightfully So.

I wake up in the morning
With a cupful of roses in a box by my bed
A spoonful of dying flowers
To become solid when the days are gone
And dreadful.

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Writing the stories of the world with hundreds of different fonts
And seeing each individual stance:
Everyone is waiting for all the paths they want

I'll just be walking late tonight
With the shadows of the past, with Staubeurneide

The first time I've seen directed critique towards me
As a person it feels
Earned, in a way
But soon I'm gone away from the shadows of tomorrow

Cow Killer

Hoping my bed doesn't break
As I lay down to rest
But like a lamb I'd eat what I'm provided

Across the alleyway a stranger putting a gun to her head,
A strange friend,
On his way back to drink oil and Miller

As Cain tilled, and saw a jealous tag to peel
A tiller, becoming a brother butcher, a mother killer.

I sip the morning dew off of the earth's great big billiard
And wince when I see the herd scatter after the pop
I've seen it too many times
From blissful, empty peace to immediate
Blissful, peaceful emptiness.

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She was perhaps a mother to me.
A daughter of the earth-motherness.
Up I go to lay by her,
Attempting to mediate with the hole in her skull.

American Union

It feels too real when it happens in my head
I feel

Just give me one moment
One moment to myself
To reevaluate
It all

I feel one
One by one
Feel lone

Flown
While everyone around you fled
Well I hope you fly until you can't
My friend

Memories upon memories upon
The strength of someone like you
Someone like you
Who
They don't go

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When you want them to
Life is clawing us all back to survival
When we want them to

Pardon me if I bereave
And feel the fatigue
Mortigue
I just don't want to see you sad
In the world full of leaves and fleas
I'm sorry about not being who you'd dream me to be.

The Sun Starred Sky

Was so close to becoming marred by
Start to be sucked dry
The brutal minuteness that seemed to siege the world
My whorled star pattern
I do the things that universally matter

All I ever wanted
Was to be all,
To be ever wanted.

All I needed, ever needed
Being heard
Twice a week

My blizzard-baby,
Magnifique
Magnifying the smallest world in my mind

When life found its time to separate the hash from the rind

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I search for knowledge
Like searching the sky for stars
In the daytime

Blinding me with the truth,
Die traurige lüge,
The fire of the hydrogen bomb
I embrace and walk on the sun
Dot com

If my wings melt on a match to find stars
I'll just be like the moonlight bouncing off hoods of cars
I'm separate 6 feet under and above
The wholly blackened egg to erupt into a dove

My rotten dichotomy.
I'd love
To separate the crown from the thorns

On my selfish journey to give the whole world away
To lay down into their self euphoria
Somewhere between greenhorn and hyperion

She's just blitzing,
Blazing,
Looking for suckers to search for truth like a trap
When I go interstellar, spirit world, or psychiatric
I'll leave a map
And leave with my *harpazoic* theatrics

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Hey there, r

r, my beloved.
My beloved and beautiful r.

That's what I know about you,
Despite my knowing how little I do.

I remember we played games together
Something of the sort
And when I arrived at your house
I didn't walk through the front door

But your bed seemed 4 feet in the air
Like a bird
And your pale skin, hair blonde,
House lacking the tidyness I'd expect

It's alright and okay
You're already someone I feel
I'm obligated to make memories with

Someone I'm inclined to love,
My beautiful r.

I feel like we have just enough in common
For us both to know who we are to one another.
Who knows,
Maybe you had the same dream I did,
Working on the same shame,
Same subtle dreams.

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r, my calculated lover
Who knows I like being around her.
Who thinks
About her possibility
Of being the person I'm writing about.

r.

Some nights I think about the rotten things
Of the phaneron
Thinking, wondering,
You probably do too
In a mildly avoiding sort of manner

I want to meet you
I want to be FGC with you

When I change
For the better
And throw it down
A wishing well
I'll be four feet off the ground
Still thinking of you
The r and RL.

286 Leo Dango

How come I can never forget a night to remember
Why is the dead man's hand of life
Like Ogawa and Nage
So definitive, so trapped in memory;
So I'm trapped in a memory therefore

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What do I do when I'm wanted by someone
My body remembers but my heart no longer does

Then what is my play when I'm so determined not to
Fix the problems contained within me
My life is the smoke up the chimney
The darkest and hottest of places always last
So marked by their inability to cleanly pass

I feel sometimes like I've been right about all the
Negative things I've said about myself
But I know what's useful is not what's true
So be blue and true to yourself
Or hide your mind in the breath of the mystique
Seven short noodles are in the bowl of your week
So what you do with them
Is up to the dead man's hand and the meat
It's attached to

I'm going to take a nap soon

Weathersgotyouina

I just want to do the things
That healthy people aren't supposed to want to do

Posing for poison
Poisoning with a pose

I'm sure by the time it goes live
I'll be.

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The weather is fine
The people aren't
The people are telling me things
That do me in

The access to information has
Become wholly unsterilized
Pure and raw
For us to digest

I want to digest.

Whether it's my insomnia
Or my dependency on the easy pleasures of life
Or my overknowledge

At this rate I'll never reach the Thompson.

Smoker Slung

My foot feels so much more than a toe
The things I've screwed on
My mind make
Me want to screw off
Vanish,
Disappear.

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The latest things.
I deny myself of what happiness really is
Keeping me held down
Like a magnetic elephant
Went to sleep on top of me

I've done a lot to end up so lost,
My thoughts harming me,
Saving my love for the soul in my artery

My soul, my army
It seems so easy to breathe
Just so so easy to breathe

Maybe I can never get the bugs out of my hair
In a calm state of emergency emotion repair
I don't care
About anything
Because it all seems not worth doing

Humans are not so goal oriented
But me, I'm
Just a mole
Digging-hole oriented.

Swole
But no control
Over my internal machinations, elections
Like Bob Dole

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Big B. D.
I wish I could breathe
I wish I could be my ideal,
No Emreggad or dagger me
Using the swagger of an addicted fiend
To keep me held down
Like an elephant compressing my body into the third D.

Death by 1,000

I'm just a toothpick enjoyer
I let it bleed
I'm a destroyer operator, just
A hairless humanity betrayer living in another's hair

That's just too true
Let it drain down the sink, the
Stuff your momma gave you,
All of you.

All your betrayer
Living in the vicinity of your
Most sensitive layers

In my deepest prayers I see a
Knife and fork,
A gun and spoon,
And a cloth to numb the sore

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In bare,
I take the form of an ant
In lamb's clothing
A sort of unborn human in human clothing
Assorted problems, errors, and issues you know
Are always
Reaming, roaming, through my hair,
Through the ever-well betrayer always spelling my mind
To wish and wear,
Weather,

Weather all the badge gleams and badger
Trash cans tipped over
I am truly God's mightiest folder
Of microns in ant's clothing
Labeled,
"Little fish scales left roaming"
I'm roaming
Reaming

When you see me sleeping
Just know it took all too much effort
To get there this easily.

When my cheeks press up against the
Ancient Mongolian right-handed-wielding kitchen cabinet
I'll have had it. I had it.
And done it.

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I smelled the iron before my nose tapped
The doorknobs
Hungry
The doorknobs hungry.
So hungry.

I’m just a little bit unsteady
And a little undeserved of being treated nicely
I’ll just live and let myself sleep when my own mouth bites me.

Insomniac (Reinmann 1)

James, just James
Just
Wake up just. Hey
Wake
J-
Dear...

Heavens...

The unseen creatures of the deep
Crowd around me
They nip at my soul
Nipping
Swarming, smelling,
Getting drifting scent blasters of my blood
My oh-so-incredibly negative blood

I'm in the mud type
Laying under a curtain
In the hurt moonlight

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Where I turn my pale arm in the
Gas station bathroom light
To find a vein

To find a way to get my sorry mind back
To a field and plane
Where I'm not worried about what face
My crush puts her nose on

My weighted despair strains against the net of my heart
Untwisting the twisted knots
My conscience fisting the Higgs boson.

I hate the bed of hotel rooms
So much I'd rather kiss the walls
And lay in a failed crawl by the door

Just to put my sorry self
Back in a place
Where I haven't stabbed my eyes out before

I'm a little bit tired of the way life is, and more
The bottom of this chair
This wood
Touches me in a way
I have yet to be touched before

And my breath a level lower
As if inhaled a leveled spore layer
I'll lay on the ground and see myself a finally key player
What ship, what shore?
Was darüber, was nähe?

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Skelethon (Reinmann 2)

In the past, I'd make fun of horses that strut too fast.
In a cruel twist of fate
I became the stallion with the elongated gait

Yes,
In an uncool twist of ironic plot
I became the pilot of a biplane with wood rot.
My wood-rotten thoughts
And brain-stem incised

I like appreciating the form
Of a smile holding infinite lies,
Aching for a taste of truth.

June Goose

I hate to bring up the June goose
Way outside the boiling koi pond
Along with its friend the boil swan

I hate bringing up the June goose
It was hard enough drinking the boot soup
It felt right to retrieve my ricin from the Fruit Loops

Zoop zoop
Toscana soup

I took my writing to someone soon
I took my writhing to the someone room

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Every time I take out the June goose
I am the mignon the imp shoots
I am the well-done, the good and faithful
Group influe'ced

The brute flute
The grout tube
Begging for
The mute balut

I am the fog pining for the June goose
I'm the loose noose getting warmer on neck tattoos

For Sabrina Carpienté

I was walking along
Around
And in
A two story
Building
That you were in

Managing curse words between my lips
As I licked each page to turn the next.

And I stumbled upon your dumb book
Your poetry of modern America
Of urban and modern and "Zeneration G"
Backwards type America

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The urban slick across the footpath
With smooth pages
And words that seem to mean everything
To every melanin-lacking,
Bra-clad
Person of this species
I love to hate so much.

And so if you ever read one of my poems
I hope you get it through your thick page-dampening pen

I hope you stand out among the age of
Wage-enamored, thousands of women
Crawling out of the Jungle

And I hope you're known in the names along with
Upton Sinclair

So there.
I will continue to put down every book you write
After as much as a thorough attempt
Of appreciation for what escaped your hair.

Forgetting by Sabrina Carpienté (I hate Sabrina Carpienté)

Every time I think about him
His hair in the soft warm summer
In tune with my graceful steps
In through the kitchen

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Everything brings me back
To the bridge
The day we met truly and met hands
For the first time

Because every time I think about that day
I wish it would just go away
And I hate when I'm alone late at night
And the only thing in life
That could fill the you-shaped hole

Is you.

But I am just so absent in the world
As I try to get back to
My greatest friend
I can count on until the very end

You make my nothing
Feel like something

And I know
That wherever I go
You'll be there with me.

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The Man Standing Behind the Bathroom Stall Waiting to Grab Me as I Step Out

I don't feel like anything perfect is in
This world
That can be made

Even as a self-considered
Master of my trade
I don't think something so perfect
Can really stay in whole piece.

As I finish up my business and
Exit the stall
He grabs me by the body parts
And everything starts to warp
Into a small ball of actions and thoughts

And I take on the role
Of trying not to think of body art
To take responsibility of the fall
That gave me the ideas.

I don't feel like putting my hand on your wheels
It just gets me in the feelers
Like trying to pet all the friendly eels

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After that guy punched my head,
And laid me to rest in a spiraling world
Of white and teal
For like an hour,
His fingers went into the wild,
Into my John Krakauer
In my mild mind.

Unwashed bathroom-brushed hands
Into the puddles and crayons
I grew up loving on

He blew my f**king mind...

Blacephalon

They Didn't Even Pick Up the Phone! (The Phone! [How Come?])

My friend said
That they

Believe in true love.
Only a man clad in manifold rubber gloves
Could pick enough clovers to believe that there's one

Small flower in all the odor

In contrast,
I

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Am just laying on the meadow
Laying on the grass
With notes like dollars falling out of my bag
And ride on the dirt

Wearing the same shirt
The same shoes
The same no-show service

I am obliged to bring to the earth.

I hate getting older.
I am categorically incompatible with change.
I wish back when I was in high school

I had half the sense to do what made
Things matter to me
Told her yes, gave my all, didn't spiral into a solemn
Solitude, social distanced requiem

I wish I could live forever in the place where I want to be
I want to change so hard that I cannot change anymore
Going to commit change

But I'm just strange
Writing a mediocre letter for
The couple bugs that land on the literature
As I flip from one to the next

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As Aes said
I'm still recovering from church
But unlike him, I
Would never ollie up a curb
Because every person I talk to
Sets me off into a pool of perturb

My applegiator has run dry
I'm my own mycology
A fungus alumni
Infection from spores
That get into your lungs and
Ideology

I went to sleep last night with
Complete understanding that I'd done everything right
Even when I type
The ins turn to I'ms

Saltwater crimes never
Make the New York Times
Money

Only local large-scale hits can
Scratch the moth in my tummy

I'm still just a bludgeoned-headed fellow.
When you make me feel like I've never been born
Your goodbye is my hello, hola, and arigato.

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An Apology For Poetic Quality

I know I haven't been writing well lately
I know everything feels
Sort of recycled
Like eighty
Year old aluminum

When I walk in tomorrow
And hopefully tell
Everything that's been going on
Maybe I'll have a head on my shoulders to count on

But as of now
Nothing
Is worth anything
When it all goes up in smoke.

But who cares about the four letters
In the definition of hope
I've already found my information
Been unable to find practical use

I just feel less than what I can use to help me
I'm just one guy trying to find a way through life
I hardly care about what happens
From my cradling to my crumpling

My impulsive thoughts and teeth gritting
Will no more nitpick my wreath fitting
Around the peephole on the door

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I'm just one step at a time
Forsaking my youthful home
Scraping away the youth from my bones
Slashing away at the tome
With a finger,
A hand still wet from pressing on the phloem.

Brackish Sunset Hairy Mail Circle

I heard a gurgle
A murmur
The tick of the clock
As I grip the corners
Of the chest, un-
Lock the set
And set
The top up to peer inside

When I heard that clattering
I felt one of my small alarms going off

I felt...
That beautiful weakness
That struggling feeling
In my knees and fingers

I saw that...
Horrid fever dream loneliness
You can only ever feel in nightmares
Being consumed by the all-swallowing
Dark maw

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I keep this chest of all my worst,
Most jaw-clattering fears
Because I keep tabs on those who want to hurt me
To see if these things have developed
Into some sort of more evil colony of mold

I keep my enemies so close
Close enough that the line blurs from what makes it
Me or my fears.
So blurry that when I
Invite hell
I let the dogs barking
Behind the chain fence come out
Of me

And they grab and drag
Whoever is nearby
Or non-guilty
Or unharmed.

So blurry...
Like the sunset seen
As a tick from the back of a furry
And thick-coated dog

Kickstarted the mental fog
Turn tap water to grog
In half the time it'd take for a coin flip
While I keep my annoyed grip
On the fears I keep close enough
To softly slip
In between the shoe and the sock

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I click the metal
And resign the box
To under my bed
Where she can slave to do my bidding

My busywork
But I'm
Just kidding -
And hiding -
Away from the world

Under here

Under my bed where my nightmares forced me
Where I can hold my box of wooden blocks
Stainless steel horsies
And moldy sandwich morsels

Just
In the dark
Here
Where I can be safe
And smell the carpet

And look at all the loops and ingest the finer details.
My tub of deadly sins and thoughts worse
Than the free market.

I rather just stay there and hang on
Wide-eyed
To the pictures on the wall I thought would try to kill me
Steal my in my sleep
And put me through hell and back

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I'm still that wide-eyed skeleton
Smeared with shellac
Looking down at my knees and fingers
As everything I once knew fades to black
As I close my eyes
Under the bed
With the lights out
And my fingers teasing the almost clicked lock

The smallest of metallic squeaks.
Everything is going to be fine.

Blizzard in a Slashed Artery

I told you
Just you wait your
Dumb, brainless
Beautiful, unrelenting presence
For Oswald 3

I hear the words with my heart burning,
Begging me to not go back to the Christmas Eve Calvary.
My Mount of Olives
Pursuing my betrayer:
Myself

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My insecure socket layer
In my dumb and brainless
Unrelenting brain
Bludgeoning me with an excruciatingly
Unclimbable
Wall of pain

Now you see.
Now you see.

By the time I'm sorry for hurting you
As I walk three more footsteps
Closer to my final death and burial

Going in for forgiveness
Or a very damaged
Embraced collapse

Every thought that gets captured in the net
Makes me fall further
Away from consciousness
Towards the slope with great incline

This time might be the last time
I'm scared how much time I'll last.

I hate you more than I could ever hate anyone
As a defense mechanism so that I,
In my purest post-birth mentality,
Don't fly over the nest
And begin to fly in peace I hope,
My friend.

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I hate you so much less than I've loved you
So that I don't walk
Three steps closer to the front of a train

I hate how much despair and pain
I feel over something
That you don't seem to feel much over
I hate
Being unable to forget
A night to remember

Nights like these I might wish
I was rather locked up in a cave

Or turned into *rotes Kartoffelsuppe*

More than how much I hate the world,
And have hated the world I have met you all in,

I can't understand
When I can meet someone
Who understands everything as I see it
Where something as critical as the greatest night
Will not crop up as a creature representing
The hollow, bitter malice of the under night
Due to your unwavering uncertainty
Of what is good or bad in your life

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This bitter blade
This decision and finality of the past that we have made
The problems that I have supposedly in the process
Of the going-away,
Is maybe
A chance
An opportunity
To help me forget
The timeline that could have happened if you'd stayed.

Oswald, Slashed Artery

No

It's...
Really...
Here...

I cry and weep through the blizzard.
Cold, alone.

Soon enough,
When the dawn breaks

I am walking through snow.

Beeline

I am content
As grapes
I see shapes
Through the treeline

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I am shapes
X Griswold
A grizzly world
In the shapes of the treeline

Latina,
I stare at screens
I weave dreams
And blow tremors

All I want is a short, small
Trémulo

I'm teeming with life
Terminally swimming with it
I wish I was a father yet
I wash I was but a forethought

I still have a little bit of more thought left

Going Byøling

It feels like nothing's working
I am the worry king
Putting scribbles and lines
All over the therapist's directions
I know it's been said before, but I'm three

Steps and a sheer drop away
From ditching the kind words and worrying questions and
Hey

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What's worth working as a worry king
When you're never the worrygod

I worry God.
I worry,
God.

When the saviors I called clawed
Their ways back into my
Oh my days
And made my heart go
Away after getting sat on

I'm all man
Thank you
Not hating for too long.

Never going to be there to see me snap
Like a Canon.

Moth's Bane

In much the same way, I'd assume,
A moth presents philosophical
Thoughts about a world without water drops
The life without rain

The huge, gaping hole in the order of life
Where the moth atop his throne of cloth
Can chew the thoughts off his small head
And instead begin to curse mysteries at the birds

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Larger insects.
Enemies around at all times.

He doesn't deny the importance of the end of life
Just by staring at a lightbulb
A family might be forever constricted

By the pursuit of pleasure.
Real life is finding the food
Finding a bathroom wall to lay on
Finding another mate to recreate
Another smaller moth in the world

Life is something larger than my smaller brain can handle
Sometimes rain feels like it never should trample
Us
All
So fast and fierce

As if beehives were the peak of the industrial age

The most common liquid in the world
Just devastates us

In our world where we draw the unlucky card
If only we were like larger animals
Or frogs in an aquatic world

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Then
We wouldn't feel so broken
By the evil
And the greed
Of rain

Stranger in My Own Body

I'm tired of fighting my body
Fighting my desires with everyone else's desires

There's only one thing I desire to do in this life
And that's to leave town,
Y'understand?

Tired of running
Giving second chances
Tired of the inability to change

Complete lack of control over my well being
Completely motivated by the forces
That compel me to cause harm

I'm tired of fighting
Pretending that I'm a better person than I am
Ignoring the things that make me cry tears of sorrow
In an endless moment of joy

Why am I like this?

Why can't I just be well?

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Why am I a poetry-writing patient
Waiting
To be condemned to the bottom of a well

I wish the world was the way it seemed
Wished knowledge was like plucking plastic out of an
Orange bucket

This life-sucking elastic that holds my heart together
It's all so close to being a bunch of nothing

A lot of nowhere.
I wanna go there.

I'm tired of fighting.
I just want peace
Just want to follow the peace wherever
Peace takes me

Tenor Rupture

This room smells like someone
That's taking care of me
Actually taking care of me

Like a nosebleed
There's something honestly nostalgic about
Smelling the iron in my blood

But anyway
This room smells like a good day to be sick

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But those hills
When I saw it held in hand
Held with the tenor part
Saw you in part in love with it
Everything sort of fell into place
For me to see what happens in your mind

I wrote this for you in some part

Like you felt like you stepped upon a new milestone
I'm glad

But right back to hundreds of cycles
Of
Nevermind
You're brilliant

I'm just trying to be like
You, resilient. If only.

F.M.T.

One
Two
One
Two
One
Two

Before I left you.

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I'm sorry it had to go,
Right foot in left shoe.
Left shoe by the closet door.

My head is spinning like a dishwasher
But just to be certain

Just to be sure
Just to be sure I'm not still a Coveter

Like my cat that's probably a pile o' bones
Beneath some grandma's yard
I'm absolutely torn.

Torn.

In other words, shredded.
Or otherwise built

Something you'd call walled off.
If you're still here to make out
The things I write; Madoff
These schemes in broad daylight

But all who fight the feeling get caught
So here you get me, Wichita,
Like laying me flat down to lie

Uh huh
Me twice

One
Two

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Torn
She's gone in some unknown way
Some unknown yard with a
Previously unknown bird of prey
That eats pretty cats
That have friends that cared for her

I hate him
I love him

Happiness is still a slideshow motion picture

My cat is probably dead
Trampled by a light fixture
Or a malicious, mixture of milk
And mercury.

But I know that some day
It'll occur
To me that I haven't had thoughts
Or put myself in the ground
To listen for meows
That may still be echoing

Yes,
I did just metaphor
A dead pet and
An obsession between hips
Of the nonsecular
Form

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Forrec'd

Precision
Lay on back
Hold on back
Then
Bathroom and close eyes at the same time
Save time.
Save mental energy

Make a fortitude
Where you protect your mind

It all started when Tammy got sick
Could hardly remember asking for
Fruit snacks before I held black
Microphone in hand, and
Before I knew it I was standing

Up at Bruno Mars when he played
That one song by her open casket
With words like
That he'd
Go through a million pains out of love
For some reason my subconscious brain
Could never understand

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And I asked my mother,
Why?
Beneath blue steel
Still with that pain in my eye
It going away as I pretended the world was
All Christian, huh.

When I was all Christianed up,
Saw my friend's mom living among
The unkempt dog and the Marlboro
When her mans took my tooth out
And made me realize what betrayal looked like

Saw 1000 ways to die
And got my mind thinking
About how many ways there were to die
Within a 30 minute television block

Saw an innocent form of underlying evil
At my own hands
In my own firm
All because I didn't know what sep. man from the worm

And when I saw
Saw that film of the polish doctor
Everyone wondering what could have been so off-color
So unmatched in this puzzle I thought solved itself

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But no
Nobody ever taught me what evil was
The evil ways
That it manifests and decks
Dark
Spots onto people's minds

How I thought everything was fine once people
I looked up to had died

There are things in this life
That I cannot reconcile with myself right now
I may as well take out trash cans and
Put clothes onto racks
For the rest of my life

There are words that people could use
To put needles into me
That would stay there the rest of my life

Some nights
Me wishing
That death was a more safe and secure option
Like an opt-in on a form you put a dot in.

But whether it truth
Or whatever comes before a final passing
Hardly any fundamental force
Bends to my whim

Even reality though I can prune and trim
And look through beneath the rim of my hat

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So I guess yeah.
It all changed when Tammy got sick
All I ever wanted from her was
Female care and fruit gummies.

No longer here to be a mentor to my stumbling
But it's okay.
Keeping my face like a Byzantine
Statue, kept from crumbling.

There are things in this life
I have no current plan for reconcile.
Kids movies never told me the real
Truth of getting eaten by a crocodile.

It's all a flesh game.
People incentivized to forget all pain
All evidence contrary to their own little fame
I want to just go back
To where I came
Where it's warm
Where it's tame.

Back when I had no memories
When I loved how small my fingers felt
I've been awake too long and feel the wax on my wingers melt
This journey into the sun
Where it burns my eyes and melts them
Into a verdant rakia

Why did this happen?
I wanna go home.
I wanna be wiped on a napkin.

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She gave me fruit snacks.
I gave her flowers my respects.

A Flock of Arachnids

In the far east
Miss Eliza gathers gently her children round
She takes them home
Though gently they tend to cry

Lately Eliza wonders
How much longer of stepping on branches
Branching paths through snow or rainfall
Before the border, before the border
Of where they should remain.

All the time, Miss Eliza cares.
She acts as a health center's logo
A living embodiment of
Arms wrapped around the little
The weak.

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The week
Approached when resources,
They ran low.
Eliza, cold and weary,
Left her two year old daughter
Beneath a tree in the snow
A place that wasn't so immediately cold
So that she didn't have to hear her cries of need
As she and her sons
Continued forward
Just enough silence for the sons
Who panged with hunger
To ignore the internal resistance they had
And continue

She looked at her fingers
Looked at her bones, looked at the
Fingerprints she had on her hands
What had she done?
Where is the life giving food?
Branches, sticks, leaves, snow

Miss Eliza walks through snow
In a direction that months ago seemed
Like it had a meaningful finish

In the far east
She didn't order this
As order ordered South.

Who can get me from here to Guangzhou?

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Send help
Send hope

And
That two year old, let's call her name Ruby
Life not quite as referenceable
As a movie you saw when you were twelve
On a June Wednesday

She just stared.
Looked up.
Blue sky,
Coffee mom.
Just watched the clouds:
Snot drooling by on an upper lip

Weird noises that would startle and scare
Nobody was there
But something could've been aware
Of the little girl stuck
In her body
Waiting for her life to close up like a metaphorical folding chair

What did it is beyond anyone's knowledge or worry
In fact, that's a perk of leaving your kid out
In the blurry white flurry

Even though you'd
Crawl.
And save yourself from the pain
As you etch a web
And wait to supplant early

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Ruby could have been anywhere
But nowhere could hurt me
Even though I starved or froze
I fly with the birds I saw desert me

nys

I am still reeling from
This moment
This feeling
How can I ever recover from here?
How can I forget the injustice I witness

What I'd give to be pretty like him
How many years do I have to shave off
How many shaves do I have to do
How many times will I walk in shoes

In shoes that are old and used
I just want to be new
I want to be a part of you

I finally found time to park and choose
The path I want to go according to

I feel sickly
But that's why memories don't stick to me
I let them slickly slide

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Züünkharaa

By the time I get
By the time
By
By the time

By the time I get to Züünkharaa
Everything will be just permanent enough
The ground will be cold
And the salt will be just at ground level

By the time I
Step foot in Kuala Lumpur
The time
When I get
Sink into Phnom Penh
Bangkok

I spent three days and nights
Walking down the stairs to hell
Wearing a blue robe
But by the time I get
Go to Ulaanbaatar

I walk far, and very far indeed.
Do they see rainbows there?

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I’m Just a Ger-gin

It is calm
All is quiet and right
The only dog that could make a dogfight
Is gone and all I hear
Are the voices in my head,
The whispers of the hollow night.

I could be anywhere,
In the land of the eternal blue sky
Staring down the El Shaddai
But I had an idea so many years ago

And keeping myself alive might require
Staying, staying, staying,
Within that tempting headset of the new AI

Finally finding a way to take my own advice
My degenerative sickness
To take control
Grab the mannequin by 'er

And start to slowly lay down into a shallow pool
How old are the tools I require?
How many selves will I need to slither out of
Before my parasite has found
A place to warm its hands in the fire?

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If someone in a jacket
Puts me in a jacket
And under a camera lens,
Me and my circle of friends
Will win together
And we will be together

God, it all sure does save you from loneliness
I only miss
Being in this world

After so many years
Being unable to change myself
I will instead change reality itself.
Truth doesn't matter
When you're trying to save your life.

In the Steppe, Nothing Matters

In my life,
I've enumerated my values.
Found that the values you hold
Will dictate your happiness in this life.
So I enumerated them.

Truth
Peace
Control

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And how unchanging they were
Despite my attempts to make reason with myself
Nothing would stop me
From thinking those next steps towards a bottle of pills
A cup of thorns and quills
A bucket to kick, a blade and a rope

Nothing I really held onto.
Nothing worth living for
Nothing so important that would
Warrant locking arms with a person:
A human.
With their step and their selfishness

Why wouldn't I rather go into that acutely
Unknown place of the unseen?
When I never live up to the goals and dreams I set
I just don't think those things were worth it,
Significant.

I swim in a liquid of brutal objective insignificance,
A bath of a passing vapor,
Blowing by like fog.
Like the smile of a girl who moved away.

Until recently
I was searching for every reason
Every reason to not go gently into that
Good and hollow night.

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Good and hollow,
Empty
Sudden
Goodbye.

Truth, empty.
Peace, suddenly gone.
Control, a goodbye.

There was still more to learn
But I still did not care,
Nothing was ever consistent in this life
Even in my isolation, I felt scattered.

But no longer.
There is still truthfully much more to "know"
As much as you can know in knowing
Building our staircase to heaven

A bird of the air delivered me a message
In a paper saying, to find something
Anything worth sticking around
(Like a circle of branches, I guess)

Perfection can only please me
As far as it concerns me and myself
But the world just can't desalinate
To match the values I hold

So I go
Many thousands of distances greater
Than to the grassy crater
I laid into last upward tilt of the equator

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Truth, Peace, Control,
All of it means nothing
When you're alone in the wilderness.
As if I was the only human
The only one who got away,
Katy Perry. And yeah it may be scary,
But crawling back to civilization
With malnutrition and dehydrated larynx
Is every bit as worth it than
Having to stand facing a human
With intentions as unknown as the first Merry
Christmas, but having to deal with what a human
Can do, or think
(Mind you, my mind
Has been operating on weak
Foundations and stability for years),

Makes me wish not to associate
With the humankind as much as I can.

Truth is impossible to find;
The interactions with people become unpleasant and misguided.
Peace is unrealistic to maintain;
All people are flawed and hurt others.
Control is an incomplete toolset;
People only receive a small crumb of omnipotence.

All luxuries,
Expensive perfumes that always show their limits over time.

In the steppe,
Nothing matters.

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Truth is irrelevant
Peace is automatic
Control is every reward

Note
Truth, absolute truth, the ability to know for certain
Peace, between people
Control, total omnipotence

Do not follow me into
That eternal blue sky
I don't care if I'm in the Gobi Desert
You may not hear my words thereafter.

Za Za

Selenge

What am I thinking?

There's got to be some sort of
Settlement or
Something

It's not like they just
Left a-
Lone the side of a river

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Didn't develop
Didn't even dare
I know the air and weather is cold
Hard to prepare
The side of a lake where

Any change of the seasons
Acts saboteur

No
There's no way

But I don't care
I'm Howard,
I'm going to wrap things up.

No more worries,
No more questions or concerns,
I don't care about them anymore.
For the time being, anymore.

You're so northwest.
Mhm,
Like the prettiest girl in the world
Like the healthiest you've ever been.

Oedipal

Dear father
Please forgive me

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Father please forgive me
For my secret sins
Forgive my sins of the past
Forget the sins which I will commit

Father
Forgive me for the things I think
Forgive me for the things I do

Cast me not away from your presence
And don't take your holy eye away from me

Ever since I was young
It was
Father forgive,
Seldom
Father, love

Forgive me for these things
Forgive

Ever since I was young
Ever since

It just still lays dormant.

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That Grand Muffin

I hope you
Control=Inpeace
If you held the key
If you had the stamina and
Capacity to guard yourself

You wouldn't need two weeks
To bestow the banana muffin
Atop your head

Spinning around
Before it finds your head

The corruption of the moon
Is found at the root
Root Didactylmide

The winged angel beneath the nose
You will be set free

You will be with me
Midst the rock and sand

Crying in a Staples
By printers and
Chairs alike in grand display

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I just want to feel like that
(I know you do)
Every
Day
Just be one smart quagga

Like one smart aerosol can
Against a garden snail
Be in total control, with avail,
Be a hardened heart,
Going Bart, regional transit,
Depart like a card in the mail

Sleeg Griptooth

A word from the seer:

Glip sawbread
A chipped pot holding
Ground Mot
Paw spread

Gholken English
Dhevend Flat
Rendezvous Hedge
Sledge Dwenden

Vendelter Consequeter
Tin Pin Apple

Nothing

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How to leave all the monsters
In the book of all the monsters

Book Shaker
Shelf Shifter
Shape Sniper

Long wind
Very long wind
Of silence
Grows

Like
Underwater
Part-Gonce Sponge

Don't get eaten.
Sleeg Griptooth.

Folded Face

What of it
What can be done
There's just
Dissonance
Deserted, docked boats
In places where my heart should be

Trying but despite hearts being, in
This case, her heart beating
It's all like a startled bird
Out of hand

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And out of door, out of sight,
Our lady of mind, light our mind
By the flame that you keep aflame
I could just be paranoid

I just could need company
Tomorrow if you feel like it would
Make you feel more healthy
We will see,
Side character

But to be healthy
To be one week clean after
A decade of being dead and green
Colored. Your values are the one thing
Keeping you from being
Scattered nibbles of data

As if things were as simple as
A framed picture of
Michael and an unnamed second

But is it really
Complex things never escape the nerve
Pylons of the simple and readable

Both of us looking submissive
And at the knees of the unbelievable

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Narrative arc
Storyline and change
Your brain, as a book,
Like a character imbued in.
Reign
Over your whole life
Go from low to hollow to
Some form of final grotto.

She said she said
Life's the mountains and valleys
For me it's all just plains
All steppe
Open fields of information for us all to wade through
And gather it in ice sculpture formation

And gather together over distance
Like tunneling quantumly
Hadit and nuit from the mouth of she

Just stay strong
Stay sturdy
Do not use the past to bludgeon yourself
The ways you will prevail
Must not equip the bat and nail

Aggressively loving yourself,
A herself apart from the body I inhabit
Uninhibited by the mallet on my head
An aching pain

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That you can deliver yourself from
By making sure you walk steady
Calm steps forward
In a loved body
Like along a green path by the Seine

Thank you for the words
Thank you for caring for me
Thank you for changing my life
Thank you
Every day

Thank you

Protect Her

I was standing on the outskirts of the
Oh help me Law'
Looking at the sunset
At a train that wasn't there
And never has been there

At the trees that shake
When the ripples in space make them

Suddenly
"I want to protect this girl,
And make it so that the things I hate
In this world don't afflict her."

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I do want to protect this girl.
There's not much I really can say I want to do
Outside of that

I want to protect this girl.

Pink skateboard
In the late afternoon
But I guess we just find problems to fix
And come across even more problems

Penske
Into a slate board
That's what it feels like
When we wait more

I hate and abhor
But then turns my heart to water balloon
As soon as either vocals in music
Or her familiar amusement

Where the Dogs

Days roll by
Emotions pass by
But one thing does not change

The eternal,
Unending
Cycle of events
Of food that goes in
And not food that goes out

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Like clockwork
Like circadian rhythms
That cease to ever cause anything to change

Every sun beam on my face
Serves to remind me of
The sun's eventual destruction
And our slow eventual suction
Into the center of a black hole

But who cares.
Living for today in a world that's
All too important for itself
To find importance in the insignificant

This form of nihilism
Or something
Just makes me here to lie,
Mahjong-like vibe.

I am not sure when/where
Or if consciousness ends
I just want to be the savior of humanity,
I just want to find a nice hole to lay in eternally

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Oxygen Air Breath Inhale Respire

Water
My tears flow water
Adding to the pool of
Water
Blood

Water.
Bubbles
Blood bubbles beneath my body
Like a sock full of sticks and beef

What 'ave you done here
What've we done with it all

More water
More quiet
Liquid water
Spilling into a pitcher of blood

Till her arm stops squirting
Her chest stops spurting
Her lungs stop burning

I sit on a throne of flesh,
Still hurting,
The coldest thing I felt in life
After
Was the machine I was condemned to working

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S.U.F.O.

This is for me when I don't remember
For when I feel anxious
Angry
Tired
And beyond repair
Beyond help from anyone
With ill intent at the front of my mind

A step by step guide on how to become fine
SUFO

First is to make sure that I rest enough
So that I can think properly through my struggles
And feel the closure of the day
Seek relief
Because it makes it easier to deal with the other steps
Such as avoiding the negative
And gaining my composure
Breathe
Fill your lungs with air
And fill your chest with lungs

This makes the formidable cycle of life
Much more manageable
For the time being

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Iscariot, I Wish I Was

Some of the strangest things happen
When I am not here

I was in the woods behind the house
Which recently now have cows

There was a rope swing
In an odd shape
And me and some unnamed second
Climbed the hill
Took our turns

It was very high up
And the angle was poor
I feared for the height I may fall
For the dirtiness my jacket sustain

Palms started feeling moist
And an internal sort of panic
He was calling me to drop
But the drop was so large

And my arms began to be so weary
I thought I may
Just for a moment
Gain my strength back by
Using my neck to hold me up
Through the hole in the rope

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But a second layer of immediacy in his voice
To "not to"
That I'll...
Hang myself
Or something.

As though I could die
In such health
Absolutely no way

But I kept considering
Just for even a moment
To regain the strength in my arms
To give me more time to decide

Some days I wish I hadn't listened
To the person who saved my life.

I fell.

Judas: I-Stilam

I touched her
A copy of Spider-Man
In hand

I felt that soft
Curtain that hides all of the
Unseen inner workings

Maybe even got to put my hair back
And moisten lips

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I put my DVD
In the tray

Heard those noises she made
Spinning
Thinking
Warmth on my hand as.

She liked it

Spider-Man!

GeOuMyOwHea

I can't breathe
But I'll fight
All I can

Knows too much
Don't put your thoughts in my
Pinpoint-balanced mind
All runs like clockwork
All fine
All is

Without you.
I am

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I am trusting
Of someone
Who must
(Be worried)
Go
But

I am so wrong
And so flawed
In the name of the son of God

Goodbye Crow.

MASSIVE DONUT

Babe no way

Look
I

Made it with
Love and lava

Everything you say
Just makes me
Birds in Mexico

The most natural bird in Mexico
My neck sick
Yo

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Gassed Dephoc

I know when you're lying
Because you sound an awful lot like me
That's when we lost her

She cut her own signal
Umbilical cord
And I was ever the signal herself needed

Often so immature in sometimes
That seemed she was lost, obsessed
I tried to save her
I tried to hold her as long as I could

But we lost her
You all lost her and me

They don't understand me or you
Just try to not puke
When you look at the things you did

I somehow think she did not vanish under the
Cover of the hollow night
(But if she did, good for her)

Nothing was ever really good for me or her
I'll find her in a mason jar someday

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Frau S.

Ich fühle mich jetzt wie Kinder waren
Warm
Spannend
Wie ein Kind in Kindergarten

Ich war wie ein Kind
Und jetzt immer so
Die Lehrerin
Macht mir fühl sehr

Eine Antwort,
Meine
Gebet zu geben

Manchmal Leben
Findet mir viel wie leben

Ich dachte
Ich hätte jeder
Meine Freunde sehen

Neues Herz,
Sie haben mir leihen
Aber jetzt

Guck mal
(Bin ich)
Lion 2 Go™

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Eyes, Nose, Fingers, and Headlist

I wish I could be normal
I wish I wasn't like this
I wish I didn't melt to
Knuckles

I felt
Ughhh
Ahhh
Ccckkkkhhhh

Hmm
With an 'h'
Lower
Case

Lower caste
And a poor, starving taste
Bite marks on my arm
Bruises on the liberty bell
I want to throw something across the wall
Into the next winter
Frozen-over fountain
Bloodstains on my teeth

Mud ravaging my toenails and feet

Please don't ever do that to me
Things will pass
But the luh of guh
Endures fo'eva

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I wish I was
I wish a why

To turn into paper snowflake, my thigh

I am so
In the spare
Tire
In the back

Rolling away
Few days pass then we breathe our relief

Everything smells like a heap of
Cancer

The Moon Sure is Taking a Long Time to Get Here Hm

Antidepressants will be my gateway drug
Gateway drug

You'd never put a baby bird in your mouth
Cause that's where the teeth are

I wish I was just a bird

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Why Am I Not a God?

Why am I not a god
Much further
Than I am from Bashar
Al-Assad

Once upon a Llod,
Armada, Hgod
Became I *mucho más*
Enflamed and flawed

Back pain-like commercial dioram'

I don't even mean like a Zeus or Jesus
I just want to clear out all the debris and measles
And take a hike from here to some
Poor, meanless town out
Of some poor and likewise meanless
Film on Vietnam

If only I could be as strong
As the height of a roller coaster
I'm more close to a ghost
Before coat and Folgers roaster

How do I protect myself for the assured
Self destruction and sixty minute rebirth?
Remember what I sustained and keep myself and me first?

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Suppose.
But I want more power than anyone can dream of holding
I wanna be that blue guy from Aladdin
Trapped so long that the fungus between my pores starts molding

Anyway, here's my hand, I'm folding.
Before I chop it off
And throw it to the burn pile
Before the rest of my soul goes molting

Protected Her

In sight, I see her right there
I am late
But I am alright
Right there

Step out
And treat any want as full desire
As some sort of connection
Higher

Than

Something regular
It was something angular

To smell all the creatures
And taste all the plants
What are we in human covet
On this planet more for?

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Protect her,
And just in time too.
I haven't seen a bank note so
Torn up and between hands changed through

At least not in the people I've met hand to hand

But the ninth took shape
And it was particularly ideal

I can still feel and formulate
Almost all the thoughts, ideals,
(Who knows anything about feelings?)
Conjectured up then

I feel as though I support whatever
Brainworks that happen beneath
The glasses
And the want to bring back to a full cycle

I walked home with her
As if there was anything more than motorcycle
But would I miss it?
And forget my ideal?

No

I will learn more in the days proceeding this ordeal
The darts in the board
Become my drums on the wheel

How can I reach you so that you feel to me as real
As the stone tablets inside and sealed

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But it doesn't matter when all is said and feeled.
I'm a couple billion fried items high in the air
Overlooking lot and field

Into eyes I guess I gazed
More like glances made and pictures stealed

I dunno.
I just wanted her to feel special.

I wanted to walk home at the same aqua-surfing holy schedule
I'd had pictured in my head
A couple decades before
Twenty years from now.

For once my head out the corner
As one black Angus cow

Some days I feel like nothing beads liquid
Before I can allow
But I did that for her
With a purpose
I fully know now.

I came for information,
I intended to.

It just felt different
It filled worth in many separate jars
I hardly know what that's like most days.
I hardly knew I'd be back in the divine arms

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But it's not the important part.
It's important that she arrived
With a three as mouth
And with something to remember

Look Up There!

The sky rains balloons down like butter
Across lobster exoskel

Emerging from dark clouds
A windy and chilly day
And yet they come down eager.
Eager.

Somehow they keep on falling
Battering trees with popping sounds
Like a new front line in war

Duck down,
Don't reach your hand up too far.

You don't wanna be a potato chip
Holding pink or teal rubber balloon shooting star
Isn't that fun?

Just don't clog your jets
All the kids will have fun
But adults don't have shoes for playing in the storm
Watching for maroon lightning

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And the balloon quietly
Softly
Touch the earth
The last one
Of the day.

Pakistan Militarized Zone

Muzik ist Gift
When I am
Trying to write
Trying to walk home
From

Alle sind
Villains
Good night

You're Sind Сайн

I was laying on the corner of the
Oh save me Law'
Waiting for car
Waiting for my great aha
Moment like those with grandma

And jars of
Ah man

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When I was superpositioned
Between the earth and real
Life, sometimes it's hard to deal.
Long eel, not one that's easily disobeyed
Finally blossoming out of frayed braids and
James Fray's millions of small particles

Like glass. I was broken
I was loose screws,
My machine doing everything it can
Which makes more metal spools come loose
And brick my machine, washing or boot sector

I was the only mammal with petals
And a brut-
Al nectar
Thinking in a roomful of thoughts
I'd be stuck on the same vector, same path to
Anywhere Hector couldn't imagine or make me feel better

But no.
Changes do not go through me.
I
Go through changes.

The Only Mammal With Petals

They tried to clip MY WINGS.
In greed they tried to pluck my petals
Tried to knead milk out of my body
To pluck the stonefruits from my branches

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They watched in pride as the tears I helped make
Dried
To be slowly replenished like riverbeds

Like Tarnicheni in the springtime
Like Tsetserleg in the summertime

I was a magnolia éclair
They tried to beckon to me
Where it seemed the river ain't deep there

I followed them into the hollow night
Where the marrow in magma was more warm than
The promise of tomorrow's sunlight

Where my starlit eyes turned scarlet
When the thighs turned scarred and harlot

They stole my heart and broke me apart
Like a heart of artichoke

I watched the black wings glide the sky:
La firma
Del cielo

Sandwiched between the duet
Of holy stones
In elliptical orbit

They could not rip the petals off my stalks
Despite the flayed stamen
I'm in something a compliment away
From a safe haven

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Have a great night
A now-forgotten
Raven overhead

The only mammal with petals
They could not keep me
Firehead

Thorax, Abdomen, Mandibles

I breathe black smoke as the sigh of the community
I lie in the dead dirt
Last dread dust
While inside they communion-ing

It feels right
It feels strong and straight
Does not even light a candle
To the stride of an ant
Or back of a camel

Worse things have been done in this parking lot
I'm just trying not
To stay irreligious
In this path I travel

Just amazed by life
In my backpack and sandals

From my moshi moshi
To kodokushi

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Just relax
My thorax and mandibles

I wish I was understandable
And clean
And precise
I wish I was skydiving in Dubai
I wish I was on a boat

No
I wish I was a boat,
Or birds
In Mexico

In that
Processed cheese of
Nicht Verstehen

Verstanden

I'm stranded
Sterben
In that process of
Being
On my monthly
KODOKUSHI

En garde
And I will be

I will be a green reaper
I will be like a believer, beekeeper

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Everything just washes over me
In waves
Greetings hit me like barbed wire
Barn fires come to me like plagues

Nobody listens to how I listen
I am currently swimming through my own body
And awakeness opens up the world like scars
Like lightning comes the object of human Nazar

Meteors in the shape of everything
They come down and they dig in far
In far.

Some days I am shoveled out
Some days I am planted in far.

City Planner

Wish I was like a city planner
Place benches
Place food sources

Lost my color
Like a dried bananar
I want to be a city planner

I don't wanna cry
I don't wanna be a femur scanner

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I don't want to be there when I
Like a lemur, scatter
And scuttle

Blend in to my pud of muddle
Everything appears so blurry
Until I remember I can remember

And peel off the cobwebs on my face
The cobwebs on my face peel off

I wish I was a city planner
But instead I sit dirty
In a dentist office planter

Clutching knife, will, and anti-matter

Riding a Bike (Worldtree)

I remember the *Klavier*
Feeling *ein bisschen*
He-
A-
Vier

But I remember more
On the *Klarinette*
I oughta practice
And sound a bit
Bet'a

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There's much more knobs
And holes
Than I remembered
When I was forced to read Holes

I feel like doing this more
Keeping my brain alive and behold-
Ing some new skill

I hate writing smooth;
I want every word to be a harsh
Shriek, a shrill
Scratchy laughter

From here to every single day after
I feel like a raft on the water
And water balloon on the rafters

I blow spells into a cookbook
Which is now full of hazards
And human fluids
Across the torn pages

I think I will spend a month or so
To see where my stage is.

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ZZZ Wish it Meant Something

Aging is the number of the day.
In an aging moment of selfcest
He composed himself enough to
Put barrel to chest
At least I knew what I was up against:
Humans being people
And being unable to act civil
To act in one mind

Amid life's anguish and heat
I languish in defeat
The language
Does
Not
Approach
Me

As I will it

As I will,
Somebody composed themself
Enough to slice Aes disk through their neck

Leaping down the hill of questions
Modern Baseball - Intersection
I dance in green grace
Language acts in my mind
As a hornet-sounding hum
Of misdirection.

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mememe

Never really
Know

That was mine. Thesis.
I throw a puzzle of my face on the floor
And every pit opening
That guides in a manticore

Keeps me scattered and safe
I keep my body like bills among
Thousands of investments and banks

I thought *too* freely.
Thats why you'll never, really;

I crane and dart
And make myself a live form of painting
One part everything, infinite parts me.
You could split me like the Red Sea
And write notes on all the sea's magnus TV

But you'll never really know.
Anything
About me.

People wish they could
Put a hold on me
Put me into an ice tray and put cold on me
Pour me in a mold and watch reality fold on me.

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It will
But nobody will pocket me
Like a fifty dollar bill

I'm myself
People want to have a word
For a people like me
Humans
Coming out of General Mills,
Pepperidge Farms,
Eat me up in little shapes
That all match
And all taste the same.

Lucky charms.
I live off the luck that you can
Only read to find out
The veins and the volume
Beneath the Bliss and Skarm

Only in frantic nights of uncertainty
Am I at all
Cutting my arms open
And letting a leaf fall
Out

I do everything I can
To do everything I can
To deny you the satisfaction
Of figuring out what I am.
Yet you figure my enjoyment
Maybe even my compass

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My gun I hold back
Is as punishment
For people not being breaded and fried
In my brain matter

Watch it all climb out of me
On a selfish date
I could never be that close to another,
Not really.
Knowing what I'm up against now.

Everything I write has had the
Pleasure to climb out.
Back to a self-guided measure of mind now.

That Frantic Feeling Since Forever

Dear diary,
And especially dear Dairy
Queen employee.

I wrote this to you on good terms
As much as terms, good can be
Living in this discord presiding.

My father today told me
Something I'd been waiting for
Half my years to hear

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And to think maybe I wouldn't have ears
For that kind of thing
Now that I gone wayyyy too
Tears For Fears once again.

For as long as that sausage been churned
I guess I made it.
Adrian

Dear friends I haven't written to in years,
I can't really believe I'm actually here
Still.

My path of the all-natural
Has failed to reach me anywhere
As do all paths that lead to another fork.

Someday I'll spool up all the people
And find how you all still work

How to save us
How to make us
All beautiful, all better.

I don't know if I achieved my goals
Or if I'm just finding more reasons to try

I am a Мазаалай (Mazaalai)
I am beaten by hunters -
The people,
And I am scorched by the sun -
The quantum seam pulls.

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Dear dearly
Held grandmother
And parents
Nary a known other

You pushed my through the mail slot
And I crawled my way out of the gutters
Just to get lost in the sewer
And skewered by a satanic god
Going fishing in the septic water

And so what now?
I'm a water bottle in Qatar.
I am a hospital dweller each summer.
I could become more of what I see myself,
More bread on sizzling butter.

In the sand,
Which path I take is
Due to the way it shifts and shapes

Dear friends and loved ones, take
These words with high value and gate them
Keep me forever on those lips.
Taste them, the words that I manage to provide.

I am sorry I cannot explain my...
My time comes soon to a close
Some run away in hiding,
X'd arms over clothes,

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I am a shape,
I am just spreading these
As much as I can
And hitting my head on every mountain peak
My hand stooping up each *Schmetterling*

I will cling to me continually,
There is still work to be onto holding.

A Vase Full of M**d

I haven't even been here that long
But still finding myself

Transformed into a tree trunk
And I'm
Supposed to cover my eyes and pretend
That I don't have dysentery

I was supposed to bring you all to dinner
And tell you in a calm manner
That I know what it's like
To have ten years
Letting down the people you love
Being told that things are not so bad
That the morrow would bring newness out of me

But now I'm not so sure anymore!
Every day was not going to be just
Like another. Okay?

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I still yet collapse because
Long forks went on the right.
They always did.
Call me stupid. Do it.
Call me childish.

I don't care.
Things, change,
The things that I learned
Patterns I recognized from childhood
That one day were scrambled

Everything in the gift box
Comes at the cost of my
Wishing that things would stay ever the same
What else am I going to do
Except have to regrasp the things
I'd already held lay in my control.

This mid middle class
Wealth and pattern
There's so much that we have
So much that is not needed, or wanted.
So much that is uncared about
So much in boxes that have been forgotten

Sleeping in my own bed
Like I hadn't had
A catastrophic power failure.
A cruel cradle, I imagine in horror.

A mold colony swims in the water
Within a vase in front of me

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Great Light

I saw the light
I showed him the light
Him with gloves across arms
And he felt the guilt

Of the
What was I doing?
So was I.

I forget what look yall gave me
I forgot most the things I did

You cut 'em all
But the ideas that came from your biology
I saw the light,
I got done seeing the light.
You got done first.

It's hard to think I won't see you like
Sometime again
Wearing a shirt
Don't make yourself a victim
Falling to that great light.
Great.

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The Palm Tree Fire

Stop
Don't go in there
It's almost as quiet
As the fish in the mouth of the birds

Then, when a stranger
Was I to you,
There's nothing more I could have done
Everything has done its rolling
Like dry rumbly weeds in the wind

The meddling is something you may have to get used to.
Nothing is like that now.
Everything looks down into the pool with me.
And losing more of me as those who enter in it.

F.H.B.

I see sprouts, shoots,
I see primary meristems
Coming out the groundwater
Trenchers coming out on one day of common cheer

A frown
I don't want to look like this
For the rest of this stage in my days
I want to be at peak direction
At any time

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It's taken me so long to prioritize
When I have just been paranoid

All the she's
Got me mesmerized
Does it really
Ufking
Matter babe

Doing this for me
Tall, sturdy.
I'nt that what I'm 'ere fo'

I've just finished understanding how
To have control of the body I
Was born with

Adding in extra variables
Goes against the goose
In my gnoodle

But maybe I need a little goose in the liver,
So to speak,
But I am, through to infinity
Just
A duck in the river.

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Verdant Gash Back Into the Daylight

THAT’S WHATS UP
No rEgrets
No down-backing
No vases cracking

Every couple few
Go from Trapped Vinework
To White Perimeter around the Higher
Plane

Realm

ABSOLUTELY.
Yessir,
Yessuh.

I wanna eat boiled chicken
With a lady who hardly
Does nun’ but puzzles everyday

No more pieces to pick up
No more hot candles to strip
Off my arms and mindstate

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I am
“Where you going?”
I am
Feeling fine
Still reigning
Completely unable to maintain any semblance…
You know the rest

NO REGRETS
No more nothing
No more leaping,
Being a fish into the holy waterfall
I’m back until I’m turned into some
Sort of Animated
Anima
De Omeprazole

Pinkblue-n-white

I dunno man
Every time I'm
Seein' pink, blue and white

Every time I'm tripping out the void,
Spitting out river water,
Grasping at bricks on the street,
Falling out the distorted door
To who knows where from,

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You just hit your head on the sidewalk
Too many times before you question
Where does it all go,
Why are we still living eight hours a day
Raising a paper baby we had no joy in folding
From out of an airplane

Life is -
La vita -
Beautiful. BUT ONLY
If

Remember
We do not worry about the things
That happen to others.
Life is so wonderful, because
What are the chances you run into
Someone as black-hearted as one who has too much control

Vacuum cleaner optimism.

Every time I'm
Seeing a long-haired
Tricolor empty spot on the pew

I don't know how to
Be as true to myself as I say I do.
All I want
Is more than what I can.
But this is life.
This is where we open a bag of chips
And set London ablaze.

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Little Blue Sailboat

Values, values, values.
Let me use the pen here that Mao used.

You have influenced me to
Violate the personal space and
Mind of people I care for

Put me in danger
Been someone I can assume
Will not care for me

You have been upfront
And telling me
That abuse is what you sell

I'm supposed to turn an unknown
Into an enemy.
Someone I consider a friend,
Someone I could call a friend to me.
Someone I felt really did understand me.

I'm bad with change.
There's a little sailboat
Heading to some place that changes

I consider you my friend.
It's meh enough when I have people like that

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But I do feel myself
Going against the current
Of what this walking
Tame Impala song wants.

2007

I wanted to go back to Target
To the
Days before nonwired connections
To some day that seemed better than this

You remembered my name
Song that I'd made
Things that stick with you
And never ever manage to go away

I hope you
Audrey fly in
Tranquil serenity

Every piece of dodeca-sliced pizza
I peel off cardboard and slide between
My teeth every month

I am always living in the future
The ideal, this beautiful ideal
Until in that beautiful farce I look behind
At the waves and the trees
And planets all expressing their own things

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Never do I let myself enjoy
The life that is happening in front of me
Right here and now

Just making money, dog.
Just flipping pages, being more adult than my peers,
Mind all grapefruited, bloated, no time nor raisin
To enjoy life with the rest of these banana peers.

And I'm here thinking about Platinum,
Making forts, eating pretzels,
Being coarse, but being careful.

If that had been all I'd Briertone'd
I would have vanished under the night,
Away from my birth

I don't know what specifically I'm after
What I expect to happen here
Or what I can make in my thoughts
Appear, disappear.

Maybe Black and White wasn't all it was cracked to be
Maybe a calendar in Episode 3 was
All I needed to be me

Now in a new Gravitas,
A new grainy granulated nest.

Need egg sandwich, and
Old friends who will never come back
To the person they were

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They just remember me.
Me...
Being remembered.
Before I -

I open more pizza
The one for this calendar: Fear,
Needing to belong to
The crust
And the tip
And boxes stacked high behind the cashier.

Guilty Gear Strive

This is what we call progress
This is the result of laser
Focused actions

That have gotten me here.
You collection of bones, you,
What you've done has made it
Sometimes impossible to live with myself

Your actions
I thought were my actions time and time again
Maybe I don't know what it's like to
Drink from the clean bowl

I thought it was par for the course
I stayed mature and stuck
You made me stuck and lost

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I never would have given you the credit
As you were dormant and hidden
For most of my life

Sometimes I even thought I might
Be better off
Returning to chemicals and equilibrium

No more tearing hairs
Or needing *l'angelo fibrillato*

But I'm stuck on you like silica
Like a quote I can't shake
The name of a bad shake I can't quote

I wonder if I've graced any thought you ever had
You broke me Bryan Cranston bad

All I'm saying is that
I've memorized your email address
And know it by heart
There's nothing more I can do than that
Just need some closure.
Need a door to shut. And
A very clean glass of water.

Daylight

Thank God to be in the Daylight.
Every day I wake up,
I see that Great Sunlight
The indwelling fire of my spirit

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That is why I when Under Night
Fear the possibility of true
Perfect eternal Darkness

When demons summon me
And speak to me from beneath
My patient eyes.

And for sudden sight
With air in my breath
And ward robes fresh and dry,
Or exiting the surface of
Water, that
Dim and mysterious medium.

Every day when I wake up
And see my way forward
Every day when my eyes work
Every day.

Daylight giving me my capacity
To encapsulate or declassify
Every day.

Alligators Behind My Eyes

He went peacefully,
Without peace
Some misérable
Labor

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DO NOT
Labor into the erudite
You will die.
Fine. Fitting,

I recognize nothing more fitting!
To be nothing, recognized,

I am
Shigella,
And everything that falls
Under that umbrella

Imagine being me.
Imagine being exhausted as
A heel in a urinal in a blizzard
And getting gently protected up -
THAT'S Own Wits.

No, you need to listen to me.
My "meant to be"
Happy x3
Entraps me
Crying to hold onto that crystal longevity.

I just hate what they did to me.
Even after me becoming more they
Than maternal material

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Even after fried pigs, fried cows,
Like a lighter on a flower
We died and brittly break away
Every time I open my eyes it's just you for 80 days
Tigris with my heart downstream
I carry with me the hate that
They gave you
Please

I know why I'm feeling this way,
But I also feel like I'm right.

Dude, is that a bear?

It will all be better in the morning
When the beaks separate
And the leaks of our wellspring
Ornate clouds abound

In fluids
But when the spiders crawl up
The side of my foot into my skin
And invite their friends under the rug
In a piercing manner

I gushed majorly
I chewed and swallowed all knowledge
And savored each savior and slavery

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Tried to give myself trauma,
Found dysphoria somewhere,
In every known airway, I,
Watered cloth rag and
Plastic bag
And mustard gas.

I meditate
But every moment
Methylphosphonofluoridate

No matter how much effort or time
Infinitely I'm,

Anthocyanin

I'm a little bit softer
And a little less meaner

I swallow flags with Union Jacks
And I bestow riches upon
Faceless profiles with four numbers
In a name

What's in a name?
What name is in me
Whatever I choose to make it

I can't make it
Trapped in that feeling
God, a blizzard feeling,
This is going to take four long years

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Should I give my therapist the red
Glass or the blue
And blend in with the rest of
The floor in Монгол Улс

I brought a live goose to the concert
And a smokescreen
To vanish completely
At an untimely time of my choosing

A beautiful quack.
The most pristine noise
That can exit the mouth of a bird,
And with accompanying flap of wings
Like an orchestra

I become
Beckoned and watercolored by hydrogen cyanide. Thank god
Thank god
Wataru

Taking a Picture of Everything

Taking a picture of everything
Can of cleaner
Towel by window
Tiles on floor
Prices at the store

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Why am I alive!
"Adapt or die":
The ultimatum the doctors
Gave me after
Wiping my blood on
The woman's thigh.

I'm no merciless stranger
I thought egg sandwiches
Would last forever
And I thought
Things would stay
Exactly where I would have kept them
I

Am just
Taking a picture of everything
So I can remember what I see
And imagine most are things worth seeing,
Before I go under the covers
And sleep, a weed.

Manchu Fried Cereal

It's nice to feel mornings like this
Before the harsh and numbing effects of winter settle in

There's an omission of necessary dread that happens
When deciding what path to take with your life

Choosing one of four eggs to crack
Defining your optimism and the walk you begin

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It's so there
As murky and cloudy each decision feels to you
Each inactive breath is your pursuit to truth

Beta to Alpha. We have an issue.

All I ever wanted
Was to pick apart the day
Each day of labor
Put each piece back together
In a way much more stable and in personal favor

In a hope in an hour someday they'd say
She made out in times of peace,
Made off in times of war.

I'd like them to say I was important to the human race
But I don't see the end in racing humanity anymore

In a momentary lapse of pulling my fingers from thorns
I regain rapport with myself
I regain my thorns

I change my name to something with a J
So I can keep my signature the way
I like it and I like it that way
I feel unattached to my name
Or body or anything

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My Love for Mankind

As blood drips down my forehead
A misalignment in my mouth and
Questions about my hand-color

I'm just a bird
Just a little bird
With no aim to be seen, sewn or heard

No swan to carry my body
Across a lake undisturbed
As much to me as the Riverbank remains absurd

My mouth hurts, I need a mirror to glance
But they won't clip my wings
My hair being used to cover a red herring
But they won't defeather,
You won't ever take my *schwarzes* treasure

Yeah
I'm going to go on living
So I can
Go to work
And take a long ride from my senses

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Scared to live scared to die
We ain't perfect
And we never will be
We will always be hurting the innocent
Letting down those we are responsible for
Doing things that can't be undone
Praying for healing to come peacefully
Forgetting things we can't possibly

I will wake up tomorrow and it will all go back to
The way things should be
I am scared to step one foot outside
Or out of my body
The demons all around me and in me
Make it impossible to feel like I'm missing out on something

I use these things to protect me from the spiral of
What goes on beyond the carbon curtain
Nothing between me and a pristine bottle of pills
I am certain
That the empty nothing
Is worth living for,
But the full nothing
Is weeping and gnashing of my sweet humanity

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Whom I would shelter and feed
Hospitably and with every ounce of
Energy my body could muster and expel
But no,
Every one of them an improperly formatted brain cell
In Excel
All lined up in rows like cows at the feed
Stalls at the loo
I'll get my nirvana someday,
And a little dog too.

My pretty bones,
Oh
My pretty bones and skin
You require immediate attention

The End is Here

I know what it looks like
You feel me shaking to my bones
In panic, clock slamming large brass
Hands and covered eyes to create
I'm awake

I am aware what it looks like I know
I know you can see
I am knitted together
By my see

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Why are you so prideful in a blind world
I'm sorry dad
I am footsteps crying in sand
Drowning in
Jesus on the Water
With footsteps eating up
I

Am more alive scared than dead scared would
I been of life
I just don't wanna
I panic
I just can't bring myself to the
Plans
I

Dismay, it's every
Thought and every
Moment I am afraid which is every
Thought I betray by telling
Myself
Each way things are held together

When Abraham made the fathers of my fathers
When waters killed
Each person, flood
Killed every betrayal
I feel
Lost and
In Abstract sleeping chamber

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You can see all of my words
You can fix every favor
I tried to make perfect
I carry the earth on my calipers

I carry boxes of such and such and such
I flip open folders of some of the most
Feral and foolish things I, the people, have done.

What happened to bring us here?
Why do I depart in fear
Every thing I think of
Makes me feel a fear
I am unjust, and untrustful
I am just
I am, and all I wanted to be was am

You know
You can see my cultivated moment of distress
I tried to make her tires spin left
Because I knew cleft
That there was nothing
I am nothing
And now in all my experiences I have found nothing left

Nothing strapped in seat and chair
Nothing electric beneath eyes,
Combed hair, or breath of life

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I don't know which god to be upset at for this
I wouldn't know what lies
Beyond the portal in Lima
I don't know what sys.schema I lie
In deeply and comfortably afraid

I am not a life I need to save
I only want everything I really need to keep saved
I need food
I need that breath of blood
I need to clip my wings and
Fall into the mix of mud
And

I just need to query every
Possible thing I can
I need to overcome my life
Steady hand
I need to know why I am
Or why everything is so

I am awake again

Double Dash

I'm not going to lie I miss contractions
Punctuation automatically happening
I miss

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Everything about being subhuman
I remember this time this exact moment
So many years ago and it feels all the same
I thought I never would possibly have to
Feign my happiness, that which I had and had always
Why did he spin

Why am I feigning still feigning
I am still laying not a meter from my decaying
Body from spraying vanilla into the playing
Self I was using to try and breathe again
And inhale the air I needed to keep
On my dreams
So I could have my dreams today
I have my dreams all

Milked and taken away
I don't deserve to look like this every day
I want to dye
And recolor
Everything I
Could possibly ever grasp

I could never

Soul Full of Sand

And
I am in Springfield,
Illinois
At least in the outskirts

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Where the steppes are grand
And the sky is dark
And the hills can't be leveled
To farm the land as
The Chinese population
Is higher here.
And the sky here,
Is so abnormal.

I see North American waterfowl
The V-Create razzmatazz
What does it all mean
Why do they, with wings
In synchronous shape and motion?

Against the backdrop of the misty-clouded
Red red sky
Orange and 7pm-ing
My

Journey to the shoreline
Where the dark house
Filled with spikes and spiders
And sand and wooden floors
And ominous aura

Where dark fibers litter the air,
That feeling of ominous and
Cloudy: "I really shouldn't be here"

Despite a man named Lee here
Who knows the surrounding area
Like a mind on his knees, man just Eukarya

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I am outside
Springfield. It rains nearly
Constantly here.

The sky is dark and deep blue
It rolls across as though years
Are just microns.

That same house compels me back to
Stay inside
To press my soles into the caltrops and spikes
And watch the red drain out
Into the sand and hydrogen oxide

Trying to keep the apparitions at bay
Trying not to cry into the beauty of
The apparitionlike bay

There is a feeling of grave emptiness
And the screaming, soft whistling of the grass
Wings that feel within breathing distance

Stones that stand tall
With mossy hair, Invictus
Or something similar they
Imagine inscribed
On chest or shield,
Bold to the winds' and storms' briskness.

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This house full of millions of pages
Waves touch and grab onto the beams of foundation
Wood creaks and
Cold wind streaks
Stirring up the psychophages

My feet bleed into the cold wood.
To me, Illinois has been good.
The spikes rip up my flesh.
Crystal clear water, from sky so fresh.
I leave bloodtrails from the grass to the place where I now stand
Dark blue fibers land on my tongue and hands
I see henges in the distance,
Clinging to strength and pure land.

I walk in pain to the shoreline
I rinse my salted wounds in the water
Feeling peeled skin emit thin red trails

I lay down and rest my head on the sand.

That Man.

You Ask.
R. Kreutz
I Answer
And
“Enough is Enough”
As I answer:
Play my cards.

Follow the light

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But why
Does this man
Influence me far more than any
Other person has remotely
Ever

And then I'm rolling dice,
Checking boxes and ingesting rice
Like
"That's Pretty Clever"

Can't remember which
Sword to neck was that
Opener to letter or
The tome that made my fingers wetter

In either case I am healthy and/or feeling better
Though I hide under this puddle of shadows
And I wanna be the guy,
But I believe.
I am fine sand on a table.

Äpfel

I will produce
My child
To be sweet and pristine
Filling her mouth with spoonfuls of green
Breaking off the world into pieces easily seen.
I will feed my child.

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I will cherish my child
Hold her in my hands
And savor each moment we have
Until the day I am suddenly taken by grav'.
I will respect my child.

I will protect
My child
Seeing that she is among the kind of our kind
Avoid the onions that wash up with the tide.
I will deliver my child.

I will love my child.
I cannot both come and go in fear,
Bring her to a land of confusion then disappear,
No.
I will breathe with my child.

After Perfect Light Knuckle, Light Knuckle, DP, You Can Do EX Run Overhead

"And it's DI safe"
"That's DI safe?"
I pick up where I left off
I forgot to tell my man it combos into level 2

Can't believe I even got hair left
There in the store with hair products high
I love feeling like I'm actually alive now

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Man I like you
You make everything so confusing
Wishing I could pass butter
Out my whatever you call it

But don't worry yourself with that
Every time I say no and
Work, everything I say so
Effortlessly sticks with me

Tummy feels icky when I think about change
Or people or pain
But whatever I got going on now
Feels consistent, manageable, and okay.
I enjoy this feeling

The prices crazy so just look elsewhere
I'd throw my conditioner into a car window for you
Someone got me all mixed up, 4-way
In a scent of some impending doom
I don't care; this is the first moment I've
Been able to enjoy my time
And feeling those memories renew

Shulamite

Beloved by many,
I paint the sidewalk red
Leave crimson streaks on the curb,
My beloved

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They say they love me
After what I've done,
After the World 8 I limped out of
I'm slithering out of a bubbly washing machine

One so beloved and fair,
One who could not have a string of doubt
Left tangled in a snare anywhere
I just was doing what I could to stay alive here.

Loved so greatly
I finally made it outside the walls,
"Take me"
Please, but despite no wings or figure in the seas,
I'm the same body, away the same six degrees.

I wish I had a bath of honey from the sky
I wish I had a million goats winding down
My back and scalp
I wish I could get on my knees
And take the help

I am, I've felt,
A new individual
Ready to get dumb
Do you think I'm backsliding?

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GOLDEN STATE

A path going that way
A road in the endless direction
A trail to some benefactor of
Supply chain management.
Path,
That,
Culminated in a
Southwest Experience

Culminated in an
Are You Serious?
Roads that lead to the same
Southwestern nowhere
Often pretty
And mysterious

It Started With a Preposition

I love when the sky gets dark and bleak
A shade of grey and blue
Finding myself all:
Don't be sad friend,
Joy comes in a month or two!

Currently out of sync with my
Former psy-
Chosis but
Breath long and hair *auch*

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I like how it's dark and cool
Not mine *Bauch*

I like how it's darker and cooler when
I, calling out to Brandon,

When the Weather is Perfect

The clouds painted the lower sky
Tripping over itself on the horizon line
Like a chain of mountains that don't exist

A Mild Sip of Pure Wonder

I feel like still I
Suffer from psychosis, like I
Have a mind mitosis
Or like
I'm a lionfish on this side of Moses
For today

I lie in fear of that which remains
I try to be aware of all
That causes me
To feel the gristle of the sand's grains

I'm whole grains, well balanced most days
But some nights I
Feel like there's poison in the air waves
And there's
Knives in the Bering Strait

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After all I've done and I still have to wait,
While I have that which I will neither remember or
Care about in any length of days

I just watch the sun as it spins and sprays
Hot f***** milk
Onto my eyes and face

I'm trying to pack
Sandwiches, apples, chips, and water
For when the sand in the souvenir empties
My body smells like memories,
The ones that I feel some little for.
I need to find my m, please.
A slope I can ride into my death door

Skulls and dubious figures are hard to beat back,
But Hector won't give a minute to those.

"This way!",
I call as I swallow twenty white bullets.
I hope some hellish union of skin and wretched moral equation
May give my path some light,
And my sandwich a double dinosaur shape

Kayla

I got this feeling that you see me
As someone morally dubious,
And for good reason,
Because of what I did in the past.

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I'm sorry that I did that.
But I am healthy now and
I never want to hurt people like that again

Plus I wasn't the most supportive of the stuff you'd done
When I had the chance

there is no turnloch

When my flock's flight patterns
Dart sudden in the great busted and blue
When I, like Saturn, escape hollow and red,
And find myself under night too
While I fled and bled out the
"Who am I, what is anything, what what does anyone do?"

Though *Tsurugi durch Herz*
And crumbling image accrue,
Praying to be forgotten I, stay unforgiven too

I follow the man who let me out
With wax, feathers and words of Zayn
Homeboy basketballin mother nature between the legs,
Nailing me to the chalkboard cross of what life had remained.

I spew chocolate coughs trying to figure
When things became hard to keep off my lips
I wish I got Intermittency before the sand in the hourglass drips
I wish I had hips

I wish I was the same old hand in bag of chips

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Swimming Equation

Before the dawn of days when
My *umfall* became "I um... fell"
Before I slathered thighs with estrogel.
Was then when I slather bark with honey,

In the back of a white car that screamed
"I'm working on that generational wealth"

I've been drowned
Had hands in toasters
I've been holding onto your shoulders
Trying to get my head above
Yours and the water.

Oars, paddles,
Math teachers in a lake,
If I go 180 from nervous and hardly daring,
Look back at the six-legged and exoskeleton-bearing

Look down at the orange bucket of salt and water
How much longer can I clamp onto your
Legs and words that spew
Like chocolate cereal on a car ride through the Sierras

Maybe I'd rather see us all in a bucket,
In a canyon, but every day is enough it
Just is insufficient to guilt a frontalis abrasion

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Outside the
Service station
Every day stuck swimming
Through equations
Until I take a long swim:
Swimming equation.

I'll be as Dan as
A wet man post-Vietnam can
Until I'm packed with sardines
That cannot nor care to understand

I read the whole new testament in like two minutes

Here I am at
The birthplace of modem Christianity
The words swim in my head like
A headless manatee

Are they even proud of me?
I mean, I feel like part of it's me
Part of it's that unrelenting clinging to
What is my reality

I feel like everything is so tough
With two F's
To make a right path
My lack of community has been a bad sign for future
Future is a big dark mass

A large and dark mass indeed

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Poisoned Flowers

Aßit gets farther away
Like voices I don’t care about
Trying to make sense of an insensible
Through a senseless vein

I doubt I will have self pride for my graduation
Finished educated from my education
With no skills or motor help

I wish the yellow leaves
Could ripple across the earth every day
Days like these
Make me want the last of my days

Why else would I stand outside
Barely a fine grade
In Calc
Today just those emotions feel grayed

My fault
My skill and trade
I can only see my self-poisoning
As much as I can through this abstract fine haze.

My time becomes days.
Times like this make vanishing appear
Not such a bad way

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1300 1400

It all unweaves
It all sucks like 39 Thieves.
It's a quiet dull winter sky between
Events of momentary ease

And it's all forgotten like Iron Leaves
Forgotten all the moments of reprieve
All the restless nights just come back and reseed
Themselves into me like thoughts of being unredeemed

Yeah, it all unweaves.

It underachieves,
And it all settles into my mean spirit,
My mean mouth,
I can't really find a reason to go near it

It unweaves
I look for relief in violating my pet peeves
I don't know how people manage to mask these
Thoughts of wanting to cut out their heart and
Depart it into a kettle of tea

It's all too familiar, these
Emotions are a top 8 full of Steve.
Of Leo.
I wish I was neck tied in a crowd in Amarillo.

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The ambient noise of electricity
Unweaves all of my focus and energy
Until I unleash all my sleep
To wake for a morning marshmallow peep
Waving at birds, like ducks and geese,
To crack my egg and find a golden peace.
My mouth a germ, my back a crease,
"Feeling better" escapes me as the first hour's beats

God made me a masterpiece.
A tragedy.
A great deal of work to unleash
The snail that was lurking within me
Now I'm spitting back at a demon in my tonsils, please.
It took so long and forever ago to keep the world on freeze

I spit points like authorities
From now until my forties
I'm just so utterly bored of these
Decisions I make and regret horribly

I just wish
There was a liquid with fish
In some glass on a desk
By the pen with the leaves
Yeah, it really all just unweaves.

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Fliegen Hoch

How shapes like that collect is beyond me,
They make me want to be, *zufliegen*
Even writing this, a counterweight to what I believe in.

Just makes me want to slap a tree,
It makes something reach supercritical in me

How God can make plains to rustle,
Clouds to gather.
Here I am, in theatre, where
Nothing matters?

Oh to just stab my chest,
Und hoch zu fliegen.
Am höchsten
Irgendwer kann

Fliegen sehr hoch
Und Glück deswegen.
Wolken hoch und viel,
Images graven.

A Previous Blizzard

I only took one from out of this world...
I only stayed put in blind deafening silence
As birds and dark skies crowded over

To the day, ago a year
Being defeated by a profound fear
Outside in my coffin.

Out here.

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Out there in that silhouette weather,
A cold sense of immediacy and
Delay, but both marked by dread

I destroyed my addiction
I found my ways to escape
I became the most healthy I have in nine
Years, and in Nine we trust, right?
In Gijs we must
Light a candle beneath my red coat

God's support or God-rejecting, I became both.
I became stable, a branch on a broken branch
Laying next to me

Ducks piloting aimlessly in the oil
Ahead and if I got the chance
I'd have flown away like them
Right into the turbine of a plane.
As for present days,

I am healthy, I am present,
I am lauded, I am tame,
I am sane, I am controlled,
I am calm...
I don't know.

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Pointless Surgery

Dog knows they gone
I knows they also took it and gone too
"They tried to clip my wings"
And whatever they did, they took a something,
Something I won't get back.

When I was young and full
And made mistakes
I could not remain dumb and dull
As flakes gathered on me

Not to say that an avenue should be forced on my peers,
But the fact that there was no avenue at all
Set me off heavily
So when Jessica appeared in a cloud of fine mist
And lavender soap
I watched each passing minute make
One become further and further.

I hurt a lotta people on my path
I didn't even know what to do when I got here

Just seems like the more we change
The things we want never do.

Ixnay *an die Eltern*
Feel a boy's dreams fade and die
And feel a certain woman lay and lie

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Say goodbye to your green blanket,
Your favorite friend,
Your personhood,
You're too good for this.

Time's up, time's that which is repeating
Need to point this in the
Right
Direction

Sa Nd

All baby wants to do is sleep
Perennially
All baby wants to do is sleep
Perennially

All baby wants is to be twelve feet deeper
Than she
Already is

And she: シ.

She
Analyzed the climatology
She planned her own death
Felt them crawl from lower intestine,
Colon, anus, every part marking.

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All baby wants is for it deep
Like a cloud full of sand
An hourglass of a body
All baby wants, it's perennially,
She just wanted to be let go gently

And it feels nice after some time eventually.

Sunset Wheel

They don't wanna come out of the room.
Only wanna "ba-boom"
Just consume in self care
They said to be here, there, and everywhere

When always needed
They know they'll be always around
Dreaming about being drowned -
Money -
Or "You won't hear the full ten-count!"

Much better when you
"Give em the chair"

I just don't wanna exchange voices with
Porcelain pots
That echo and make my ears ring
I just do the "in here" thing.

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They work so hard...

Quiet little babies
Silent whispers and tiny
Attempting murmurs quietly

Some breathe heavy
Others don't.
And others are quiet.

People are so happy to create a machine machine.
Children that move oranges
Or weigh grapes

Me, I prefer to appreciate the quiet
Breathing and little sounds
Before we turn off
And enter the belly of electromagnetic isolation

Endocrinology

I can do whatever the

I want.
I am a testament:
I am something people ought to
Learn how to do in their lives.

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I flipped somebody off,
With regret
I restate.
It’s been a long
Day.

The little worms within
Making me more short,
More fierce,
More forward.

Maybe someday I’ll cave
And become Hector’s main
And behave.

Endocrincess

Finally, right?
If you were to tell me at the start of 2023
I’d have
What I have now
I dunno what I’d feel

I’m an enemy of the people that raised me
More so becoming something I always wanted to be

But this nail painting,
Hair straightening,
Mehr Schwarz-ening
It is so rad.

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Buongiorno Principessa!
I keep them doves cooin'
I keep the geese closer to me
I feel so much more silver
Than the gray my
Self-betraying past self
Was. But I had my synthesis.

Spirit World Fem Guide

Hello from the spirit world
My days here have been as
Enlightening as I expected troublesome

This memo serves to be a reminder
Cataloging
Outfit ideas, meetings in the park,
Memories about the past, and thoughts about the future

My past year could not prep me for
The changes I have gone through even now
It is still recommended to remember where I emerged from
To help increase my general knowledge.

There will be things that this past month
Could neither have me anticipate
Or hide in a bottle or bag somewhere

With that said, I look down
And imagine and anticipate that
The pink, white, and blue notebook
Has obtained suitable material.

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Kindest regards,
Emily-sop Rock

Go Down For Pan Thus Ends None the Wiser

Like Turgeon's "Tempest", I'm
Giving in, I keep giving in.
Jeden Tag a shadow of a mountain looms over
I am trying to sleep,
My hardest to leap into the
Pool mirror image when I hit the bottom.

Whether or not she's still truckin,
Chloe's just f**kin
Gone

Stuck in a slumber I can not
Pull a cover off or over inside my
Memoria.

It's white above and blue beneath.
In bed I stargaze a most regular euphoria.

I just give in.
I give heed to the things that crawl in the weeds,
I feed them, I give them cheese.

Maybe I should ask her to hang and
Go shopping for these
Better days, better ideas.

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I think it just makes me feel sick
When I wake and retrieve
My brain from the bathroom sink
Having slept some time,
Hardly long to think

I'm just at the bottom of the pool already,
I see the sky glow orange
As meteors rain down to bury me.
I dug a hole in the ground for me to hide and be merry
With a headstone atop, a gray sundae's cherry.

I'm bags of organs in a case,
I'm baths of ice in a far
Hotel, the last ambassador to hell
It seems, and a bag in a trunk in a car.

I've a habit for giving in,
An unwarranted distaste for Simna ibn Sind,
I might call a trash can an "interesting bin",
Least that's what you'll hear from me
When I'm giving in.

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Zap Cloy Lax Lix Vap (Eggy)

Something inside me
A town it was, twelve months
In the past

Something's coming from my gut, forth
Bursting
Like Bridget or Townend and Getty.

Man am I so upset and petty.
Spending my entire waking life on something
That would crumble at a slight uncertainty,
That would cause outbursts of tears and rage

I'm staring, white on the ceiling,
Turning blankly a page.
You'd think someone as old as the N-Gage
Would have realized that something fishy was going on
Below the bubbling emotions of
Sharing breath with actors on the hidden stage

But nah.

I am they, just tired and
Listening to affirmations and some pretty-colored care.

Something is exploding outward,
To combat my self-destructiveness.
Just apologies to VPG, Luci, and whoever makes three,
Cause all I really wanted
Was to make a life as stable as GSC.

I listen to Boom Music,
Taste the cooling tea,
I like to spin and be negative three,
I just want to become the thing I,

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I need to become that Town.
No, it's just thoughts that swarm and crowd around.
But it feels pretty.
Always feeling the support of (and sort of) Eggy,
But y'know Ronflex never did no harm to me.

Endochronology

First it hit hard
It hit hard and bullet clear'd
My soul out of my mouth like
A slug I'd swallowed
Like a fire I'd bellowed

And came in reverse,
Like a taco squeezing a lime
Into my eye

Man, it hit hard and bullet
Blank
It came in reverse,
It came esrever,

I should not trace my life with a feather
I should
Take my life and feel better
With these eight cards while
Kopfschmettern
I find myself

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I reawaken myself
From being taken back from
Garm's crushing and subsequent
Imprisoning me

I get things the way they are now
I still feel great and far from
How I should or ought to be

Just hot and humid and caught
Up a lot in philosophy
Not to be any more stealthy
Hiding away from the truly healthy

Every day feels like a collection of
"Dealing with the symptoms"
This is the new for my life
Mixed in with crying about my new new
I'd have gone much further than a couple inches,
But I go just a few…

Never going as far as I had
Only just a couple inches
And walk away with all ten,
All pale, and altogether
Happier than I was used to

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4,444 Ever

I breathe like the fire of Rome
Countrymen, lend me your ear so
That I may d-d-disappear
Breath like wildfire
Heart like a hard part
Of an olive in the cooked pie
Waiting to channel their inner Judas and
Gnash some dentist-subject unwilling

T has been the antithesis of my good merit
I find most days acting out of order causes
An incohesion,
These hands act out of emotion and not reason.

Every time a tree puts me to sleep, it's treason,
Every time I wait to keep this for
My unreasonable, unexplainable...
I'm in hot water
I'm a bullet in a shot daughter
I'm crouching at a coffin I unearthed like a lost copper
Pot from a long-dead potter
Who owned a sword with engravings on the side
Which he used to take lives,
Lives of those he could not allow to roam
Like Chapter 10 Resolution B, I'm coming home,

I'm coming home. Slow.
I feel as empty as I could mathematically reload
I'm just stuck here
Forever

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My nails black and racked with
Regret and disapproval
From their undoubtedly doing in my emotionally unfrugal

Choices.
In a half or even quarter-awakened
Mind there's hope that knows no bound
Being awake and present is the worst thing to feel
All in a system, down.

Kaizo Brachioplasty

The arrow pointing to my mood is a present moan
I fold hands on my lap as if,
As. If.
I wasn't a jar of marma'
Full to bursting from the oxygen escape
Due to happen, pregnant. But in trauma

I am gagging and fainting,
I am a painting or perhaps a photograph o'
A little girl with napalm on…
No.

I am gonna need another arm after this show
When my mind and body start to
Know it's time to take it
Very incredibly slow.
Slow like the breath one year
And a breath the next time Jupiter hits a black hole

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Blies

Area I

The next time I go HX and gay-faring
Toward the misty haze of competitive pain and
Gloveless blade-repairing
Like it's my job and my path
Like fixing tires.

I'm done, I am enough when I get home and lay down
On the great warm fire
And ash I become
For only a dream
A dream about love:

A cold path of ice
Or building ablaze
In the rain
In a chaotic maze or set of
Gray bricks in the way

I could be any amount of proud in myself
For the time I will lay and relax
And make the thorns into a soft coat
Of former needles, now cotton.
Obeys my heart with legs crossed and jacket warm

I am without form, I am
In a drenched cycle of rocks and trees
Battering me and reaching for these
Things

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When soul falls in and breaks my plan
I just watch her glow and
I try to understand

But there's nothing I really can
I just shudder for as long as I can
As long as there's waves hitting Japan
As long as there's ways for people to start making some money
As long as the birds stay sleepy
And the ants wake to eat the cake of my *remettre*

Fighting Games and How They Helped Me Out of Addiction

Long ago in the time where I
Was using my down aerial attacks to land
And using getup attacks with no other consideration
When Hector beat the brakes off of me
For never changing

I in a Christian upbringing thought I ought
To do the same thing I had done
But with better accuracy or
Perhaps more belief and zeal,
But the only thing sharpened in result
Was a propensity for frustrated flailing.

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This view of improvement propagated
Throughout pretty much everything in my life
Every issue was solvable by doing what I'd been doing
But better, with more belief,
More prayer perhaps,
More zeal.

It extended from the girl I loved,
To the projects I'd planned to
Make plans to work on,
To even the addiction that held me captive.

It was then, around 2020 late
I decided to try and climb my rank
In a new game, with a new focus on
The skills I'd need to improve

I tried everything I could
With the same belief, zeal
That I'd worked with prior,
Making my choices based on feel alone
And letting hope take me as far as possible

But when hope became a pleading frustration,
Turning to data for help, and
Hector supplied that
There are things that can be specifically targeted,
Things that actively hindered my growth,
Things that could be fixed and diluted.

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And then I wasn't doing unsafe pressure ingame
I was following a set of rules with
Minor alterations
For circumstance.

And though my old way of improvement
Had moments where it tried to shine through
Nothing could bring me the success unless proper
And fine-tuned

"Wheels must turn steadily...
There must be men to tend them,
Men as steady as the wheels"

During all of this my body was
Like a swamp or septic tank
Of emotions and pain and regrets
Heightened by an addiction that
God had made clear was a big issue.

One can guess how I tried my addiction
To manage. In the same way
That I'd tried to fix all my other problems

Until sometime in midspring '23
I said, almost literally,
"F this, F all this prayer and belief,
God never did anything to help me,
I'm going to fight this addiction alone,
On my terms and with me as my guide."

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My focus was firmly not on any prayer whatsoever.
My way of learning (I suppose subconsciously
[Somewhat]) from fighting games
Began to be my foothold as I
Wandered the empty wilderness.

Invariably, I began to notice trends.
Things I'd do or feel when before
Or after my bad habit had been
Done.

These things, taking time to develop,
Began to be the foundation against
The assault of my addiction.
With time and refinement,
I no longer suffer from that crushing innerviolence.

And all this with a new method to improve,
All starting from a desire to see my rank move up to Diamond,
All starting from wanting to get better at Birdie.

I've repaired my relationships...
I've found some positive reason why I'd consider
Wanting to live.
I've been able to let go
And feel not attached to random
People who I may find charming.

A few things:

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Some may say that my prayers were answered,
But I assure you that I saw results only when I had
Bitterly, and earnestly,
Cursed the system that God recommended
For me to see improvement.

I may have missed this opportunity if it weren't
For Hector, or Luci, or even Atlas.
Or any other number of people
But these things are just worries over
People and time,
And beside the point.

The fact that my authority figures
In the church had never posed
A method such as this affirms me
In saying that the teachings had
Not been useful to help in matters such as these,
At least not in a direct sense.
Make of that what you will.

The greatest thing I have ever done for my life
Is a direct result of
The things I have learned
And the methods I have found
To reach competitive success.

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Needle

I had it surgically removed
Invincible
I've heard all these things before.
When will someone say something new?
Some sail glowing only as to signify my path away
The former math now is passé

I can't carve with a needle the skin in my hand.
I want to chisel a man.

Ever since one fine day,
Just some fine prey.

And smelt a belief
Smelled a relief from

It was time, many many years ago,
Μύω, S-L-ow.

Fibrous Inheaven

I burn bridges.
I run fingers through auburn fringes,
Like “what up?”

Some medieval magnetism
Working her way through emotional pragmatism:
Like epsilon naught schism,
Stuck in this little picture,

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Like the species' current spinal mechanism.
Moynihan describes the angle and beauty,
I am a prism, the lines shine through my backbone
And whine into the Riverbank, the Grand Emotions

At a time where my maligned me
Becomes Another Me.

I am a different person in the morning
Than I am at night,

Now with the skill and capacity,
The money-printing capability,
A cat scared since feline fetus
Trodding nervous, mute steps on a final life, grievous,
Connecting the heart strings on every road of scars between us.

Breastpipe

I just wanna enflame a paper,
Blow a dart through a tube,
Disappear a note after surreptitious
Meddling, twisting, and surrender

I wanna Wizard and charm
A castle, top down with Garm
Or some lizard in arms and

I wanna 101 this paper into the 102
I wanna blow the wind into the air
And catch the leaf to fly on the turtleneck
Of a woman I'd love for five days.

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I am in a mind’s haze
A swine glaze, the dip I put the tip in
And from these strange ways, man
I beat the firewood into a young crystal shattering
Without the intimate and initial meaning ever even mattering.

Touhou Tentacruel Stall

When I fall through the floor at a cave in Thailand,
When I obey Borat and engrave my life and
Soul in supernovae unparalleled

When I break a candy bar in which lies feral held
When I lie in wait for a break
From my harassment chain

(I wanna climb up to a window;
I wanna be the window pane.)

Every morning at the break of Dawn
I see the scene I'm on
I'm never gonna be the Celine Dion
A T spell where I fell, Ghidorah.

When those eyes climb up the walls,
When the silver cord is loosed,
When I can go Dornod to Sauropod,

I never hurt the bird that didn't give me another path...

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I fill hair with fig and free fingers.
When I go HX and pre-
Paring, paring my men, for
My mental health again,
Repairing the daily temple then,

Only will I
Be free, now,
Leaving drowning for a previous "now and then".

I Am the Follo-Wed

On her knees,
I am weak with data.
Every day I feel what I am made of
A full feeling, a barefooted feeling of data...
He and Jada,
He went power source to SATA

One day when I walk out of the house
And get a covered mouth by glove
And get a normal vehicle in which I push and shove

I used to be just a boy
From tomato to impreg-
"NATO interrupts this poem to bring
An important news update:
A boy has been dealt a-"

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I cut her off hard like the tape, on tossed card
Hung with the moss and crossed stars...
Find myself not in Kansas anymore,
I'm just a stupid... little... hole in the floor...

I'm a whole box of coal pushed through the door,
Man what would we do if Santa brought a quarter ton of coal
From driveway to front porch,
Left it there in cardboard wall,
A peer out the windows at the cardboard Mordor.

Dad's not open Sunday,
And my face can't smell like paint anymore,
I'm sure no sewer-dwelling shark or
Any venomous snake or
Man with an umbrella could change my mind.

No, I just lick the carpet by the slots as
If the lemons were to drop straight down my throat
So juicy and cool,
Just gum and dirt and hair and... I'll rule.

Being the king of the limbs,
A bag in a freezer
All lone, chrome rims,
Diet horse, broke Timbs,
Just can't walk and refuse to swim
As long as they are out there
Under a towel, snorkeling hidden,
Disguised as birds, lying on roofs.

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If I were me,
My best friend would be a moose
Or a girl in red
And I'd fly so far away and
Keep my stomach contents loose
Every waking minute.

They'll turn me into juice.

Never-Menthol

Yup, I think I will.
Decision I gotta make since a death filled
My thoughts, Doomsday (clock)
Device, area M & N,

Sugary candy I take now and then
Little bit of fem & M's
E'rry now and then…

Maybe just conditioned
To need something, auditioned morticians,
Flowing hair, content,
Contempt for a current Llanfair-
Pwllgwyngll life like
Stack of Pringles, red can,
Oswald, Snow Man…

I just need to be a semisweet for eternity
I need to be a faceshift change urgently
I seen what Em and Daisy

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Do to stay great currently,
Stead of day to day hurt
And over dunes of time hurdling.

Emery and maybe someday a name I find proper
A change maybe will affect me Doppler and
Something ensuing to target the former addict in me

I’m going to become a cool breeze
Gentle touch and game freeze
Rainy trees and soft seas
I’ll be at the count of three,
A hearty, soulful possibility

My Friend, the Osprey

When I was a little girl
I'd take my warboat on walks,
Dip our toes in the pond,
See a sour reflection of a dead ghost
Lounging in the great beyond

We would hold hands and
Play on swings in the park
And gun down fish that swam too far
From the bottom of the pond

I hugged my bird of prey
With both arms, both legs, every day
I dropped in minnows, with a snap of the beak,
I love my everything, my Osprey.

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I smoked cigarettes with my Osprey,
Watched as he turned rabbits to
Bony, bloody balls of red dust, between puffs.
He kept me beneath his wings,
As hellfire rained down on any
Dissenting fish, critter, or plant that shivered.

I laid in bed beside my Osprey,
And a hard, cold feeling warming my heart,
He'd bite my ear in playful clumsiness,
And just like that, I hit the deck,
My knees shadowy dark from the stars

A sextant gave me direction, a map
From the stars
Every time I awake my daze, I part from my last scars,
But then
Just flutters back into my arms
Puts a bullet through my nightlight and
Shuts the shades and locks the door...

I love my Osprey.
I love the things that occur in the dark.

Glass Hammer From the Sky

Whenever my bag of marshmallows turns me Code Red;
Man in the reflection:
“I thought the old was dead.”

Clutching at my only head,
Things change one day, little at a time.

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But why would I want to do anything?
I envision one between man and confusion,
With the same stare and the same pants,

I remain locked where I am,
Decaying glance, dying time
Why do I hurt myself
Everytime

I got a whole case of (disorder)
And forgot lime

Thetas why

When it's
Just wall to wall

The path to health has been marked by
Morally abhorrent decisions
I feel like all I do is hurt people
Even though I know it's not true

Morally bankrupt choices…
He makes me feel so stupid…
He makes everything feel stupid.

It just weans in waves
Ich möchte das ZS

Why can't I leave,
Why can't I exit the nation

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I feel sick
I feel weak

Glass Spider

The peace that passes
An unsheathed peach tree
A grove of previously unseen
Peach tree
Can never reach me
A man beneath me

Galloping Deer

When I close my eyes
At night
I see
A deer
In snowy white,
From path to path.

She shines, her coat,
She shines,
Solar Chimes
Holiday Laughter

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She stoops,
Shine on…
In my ears I hear
A deer galloping
From near
To inaudible
Disappear

I see a white
Deer moving
In the astute white
Silhouette blizzard

A deer,
She fears this,
Never being bound to the page.
She leaps off,
She hears a cough,

Leaping away,
Milky,
And sprinting,
As a breath, mint
Gliding on a paper plane.

Guard, Pocket Cards

Where would I go,
What would I be,
Without my modern society?
Where would I be,
Without http, without excess income

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Who would I be
Without my American singularity,
And where would I go,
Where no p-r-i-v-a-c-
Y, why am I confined
And alone,

Provided for, no sign of home,
Just sign for food, Howie,
Just destroy a sign from top down,
And get upset at what they did to vanilla Mika.

Chocolate ice cream.
And the vices I have in my notes,
We can't have nice things.

Where would we be
Without a glass of Google
And a handful of cards?

Grand Acoustics

A part of me is lost
I wish it were like this
Every five seconds
I wonder what they say

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Cathode Ray

A cathode ray walks home in the rain
Don't really care what you do, what you say
Been a long day but no cause to complain
A cathode ray walks home in the rain.

Remove your shoes to step foot in my grave
Been a lot of years, still feeling the same
A cathode ray walks home in the rain.

Some say that I'm fearfully made,
I believe it's from the mouth of the saved.
Some say, all things go away,
But I'm half cracked, more than half racking my brain.

I used to be just another me,
Another cathode ray to be bought with a gleam,
All not what it seems, just shot with a beam

A cathode ray walks home in the rain.

E Progresso

On that progress to E,
F'd up, gee

Some would argue
"You call this progress?"
Forgive my occasional unlightenment,
I do say to
"Be healthy for yourself"

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Even when man made a mix
My band-aid to fix me was
Always all about balance,
That's what it is.

I feel my heart
Pumping blood
Beating, working
I feel my heart

So some sounds come across unbearably loud.
I get quiet.
I get loud, the bloodhounds
Start barking and kicking up dirt,
Ticking down the minutes
Kneeling on tile
And skirt, up ceiling,
Praying, cold floor feeling.

Couple short words got me on pins and needles,
Cyphochilius, my little white beetles.
Looks like a creature that hides calmly in holes,
Gentle and softly, like spit in a grand bowl.

It's all about balance.
About perspective.

Foam wall,
Wall to wall padded cell,
Though the cross I bore was a fad to sell, though my oar-
Ing came across a fad as well.

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All for a scent that made a man mad to smell,
One that had you wave hi to dad from Hell,
Man, oh man, life ain't fair,
Ain't fair to be a ne'er-do-well

To wish upon that star,
Star that made man mad or well,

Had Orwell been alive to secure a socket,
'Stead of watching the big stick create model rockets,
Nevermind…

Just get your socks off and
Open wide for the sticks and rocks and
Look for fun ideas to stop it.

AKI

I can't even see the water anymore
The water can see me
It looks into the dark, shiny eyes.

The water follows me
Like their head in a box being kicked by many feet

Like the
Dark, shining eyes
Screaming and gnashing of teeth
In a fog
Coming closer and CLOSER

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The Pen is Mightier Than the “S” Word

The pen is mightier than the sword,

And they overcometh,
They stabbed and severed their vision,
Everything stayed the same
Everything glowed orange from then
Till time go down over the horizon line

The pen is,
Mightier than the “s” word
More mighty than strength,
Satisfaction, success.
More precious than safety,
Dominant over salvation,
A stop before any second thoughts

Just say the words,
“I’m a punk.”

My skin walks alongside my soul,
Man why’s it called a scaredy cat?
I’m a scaredy bird
Take flight from some sound others have hardly heard
A soft jitter from fingernail clippers then
I’m in the bag, and the bag’s in the river

The p**is
Mightier than the “s” word.

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Golden Oreos $3.99

Two, twenty-one,
And now for the misgivings,

Just say the words,
Just at the store and stare
At the golden Oreos
I tear off the mask
No longer Oricorio,
Just in a blank case, no dancing,
Entrancing in a blank space,

Where perhaps I'm guided to spin or fight.
Outside a black shirt and jeans,
Inside t+pazolite.

It gets quiet, it gets mean
Since AS to the AP.
Exams, always told to
Saviorginity
Because everyone is tested,
Everyone got the concrete block on the dome
I just wanted to pack up and go home.

I'm two dead bolts from a lion in the center of Rome.
Every single one that walks and breathes,
Clutching at my garments, for it all unweaves.
I'll be ripped to shreds, in fashion of the Christ,

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Everything dies when it takes in the outside
My hair dries out in the sun
And clumps up underwater

"Three… Ninety-nine…"
Until I pass out from standing,
Staring at the cost till the store
Calls it for the night.

Everything in life is an untrustworthy,
Golden-white.
Every day I don't fold, I write.
I eat packs of cookies at the same time,
I just find time, every time.

Empanada

The total plan, the Yotta.
The final stage where all's cleaned up,
Dusted and *nada*.

Sick, man.
Huge fan prior to the personal loboto'.

In case of emergency
Heaven and nature sing and we follow
Everything clean and pristine
From the sea of green to the green hollow trees

I'm fake plastic.
I take a look in the mirror.
"All's fear", RL Sparda.

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Like Goldlewis, things kept on leash
“I am so sorry”
I am binging with Babish.

I am droning on,
A bug zapper awaits my mug,
My wings work perfect until zapped
Or mind unplugged

These things appear to be those which
Cannot be easily swept under the rug.
I am in need of a great hug,
A very much needed double take and shrug.

I’m shrouded in Mr. E,
That’s the reason why I always play GSC,
Called chess, but even in best case,
I can’t go “HX and gay-faring”

Nothing stops as the world *dreht immer*
Despite the time for dinner,
Time to watch the sky get dimmer,
Time to see the stars sparkle, shimmer

The light in her eyes stay fire and brim’r
Avoiding contact from mean key to TV dinner
Just look at the sky in July,
Toss down a blanket and watch the bright lights
Grow wide while suicide
Immer on tha mind

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Keep it in back, hide the lies inside,
Keep filed, organized with soft appearance
And well rested, certified.

That last part is very, very important.
I look up at the ceiling and walk a million miles,
My mind does, a million times.

“Look Up There”
A poster, from a book by Upton Sinclair.
I hit the power on Buckethead then and there.

This is going absolutely nowhere.

Xurkitree

Who to be there in my hour of need?
When my fractured-feeling circuitry

You were not there for me in my hour then,
You were there for me in my hour now
Every deep in solved with a bow down

I can’t move the stalks between me and my two feet
The breeze brushed my petals
And found myself on the concrete

It’s not messy, only wind-dyed
The tentacles come back and cloud my view
Like my legs locked the door and prefer the inside.

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I Am Awake

Thank you for calling Giro Express
In a state of fumbled excess I look
At who I am,
Hearing "C'est Notre Espoir"

This is not who I am,
This is not who he would have wanted me to be
I'd have been scared of me

"Younger you was repressed"
No, I
Am finding my why.

I am resigning the chains of childish immaturity,
The chains of adolescent addiction,
The chains of my required truth.

I am awake.

Fragments of myself that I still keep,
Much surrounded by ash, black burn
And the growing disorder;

I can't keep myself in utero forever,
But before all crowded the pages, made all esrever,
That was the most life anyone has experienced ever.

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I don't need anything,
Only just to be who the boy making mazes
Strived to have hoped to find
A friend in.

I am they, I am that future he.
I am awake, I am broken fragments.

I will continue to pet cats,
And make mazes and
Build forts, make tuna sandwiches,
Spend time in great appreciation,
Love my friends and
Remove the hate from inside my chambers

I will die when all has been drained and taken
And I will find myself Awake,
HX and gay-faring.
All I wanted
All I really wanted,
Was this.

This feeling.
I am Prometheus.

Vulture

I was saddled with debt,
Facing days where I just wanted to get home
To get back alive to people I felt
Unsafe around

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I overcame, I carried on.
And for what?
To become someone that
My younger self hates.

To make no meaningful impact
And to live a life where I'm afraid.

I think one would call me selfish;
What does it mean that everything,
Everything is going right?

I come across playing to shoes
And a plain bagel.
Like the Delaware,
I come across.

Stay safe in beak and claw
As I, like creek, drown out the speak
Of those who need me at beck and call

Circle high above a dying world and study
Feast imminent from the dust and muddied,

Muffled between beak, enough touch and tummy
Ripping hearts out,
For the sake of it.
Give me the camera,
Into the thick of it
We go

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When legions upon legions of
The storm and paper bedframe
Clash and enter in fast

I can safely remove
And slowly extract the
Vulture that came in last

Cashmere

If I was like lamb's wool
And soft to the touch
And in feline demeanor

Not the extent that I am
Seeming all focused on being cleaner,

Just to be focused and stable
If I was cashmere
And lost the taped-on fangs and horns

I wouldn't be so trains and horns
When it rains,
It feels fortunate
That I am not like this every day

If I sang in the darkest of nights.
To those who know,
I need to consider some life change
I need to go
I need to follow my absolute destiny.

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Missin in the Breeze

You have severed
Our friendship for the final time

If only there was an easier way to explain this

Um
I've
Spent the last year
Finding mechanisms to cope.
Almost a year clean
Just got self hate here and there;
A momentary lapse of judgment

Is all things were
It's a long story with a great list of mistakes

All I wanted
Was to take a care
Of them, and there

I am not a perfect person…
I am getting better
I haven't needed a phase transition in a while

I'm just a situational mistake maker.

And I can hear my ears getting more sensitive,
My aggression rising, no foreseeable reason,

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I just want to see the snowy season:
I wanna see the winter snow,
But no.
I'm sizzling in pan,
Smoking, and curling,
Dry, greasy pan.

I wanna be the winter cherry
I wanna be the rainwater
I wanna be the sondaughter,

When everything I can access and slowly save

Ran

Ran is for the piano-playing
Honeycomb defenders
They are the Sentinel, offense
Against that which unweaves esrever

Ran is for the androgynous person,
The snake and the sword,
Ran is for the first stage,
Before sun chase moon.

For the,
I used to feel myself until
I aged and became aggressive and sad

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Ran is for the new kicks on an old friend
With the power to leap
Ran is for the smallest cloud on the smallest stage;
Geraldine is one who saves.

Ran is for the hour-long attempt to secure the wanted
Cave creature of fire,
Ran is for the year-long want,
Want to be the strong frog.

For the true self coming slowly back
For the disruption of
The flower's goal to survive

Thriving Daisy

Hot in the summer
Heart beats out of my chest
As if it was in orbit around the sun

The specter of unemployment grips me, looming.
It grips me like wire cutters
Someone gave me to break a chain fence

It hangs over my head; They.
School. Trying to find truth.
Trying to hold on, I am a good Christian.
I have bad habits.

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Look over
Can’t tell what form.
Kind. For sure kind.
Moving faster
I want to be on time and in fine form.

I am a Christian.
I am capable of doing this well.
I am not going to vanish in a fog
Or succumb to that weakness of not knowing.

My best friend hates me.
I hurt the peers that I care about.
The only thing keeping me alive is the fear of the second death.
I have gone too far in ways that to this day feel permanent.
If I can’t do this job, I’ll have to drop out.
What more do I have left by now?

Chaser simultaneously of
Things in the realm of scripturally sound
And the early mortigue
And the way the world seems to operate

I fly in weak,
With red streaks on my wings

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Not a perfect person but
An accurate influence in the face I maintain
Today, always nearby.
Always “how a great escape goes”
Always I can walk with you home
Always can get in your way
Always “I don’t know what it was trying to be”
But it was nice

Things are nice.
Things are the eight cards in pocket
The windows still whole, my body
Not permanently harmed,
Guard against the shards of my past I stepped in,
Getting bloodied.

He’s gone now,
I am awake.
I am no longer Jesus putty.
I am a normal person in present company.

She had that beautiful something.
Now when I breathe,
I can feel the air creating space,
I can see the stairs, stairs I missed on
Few first short trips into the pit of despair.

On my back, I see the stars.
I feel nearby movements of a galloping deer
Even though here I don’t belong
This world is not my person, place or thing.

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I can breathe, I can balance.
I envision Emily here,
Finally I have proved myself,
My given status as a younger sibling.

The stars out here are so beautiful.

I fly in peace
With a daisy in my beak.

WTF

I'm gonna mop the floor
Gonna mop until I can't mop anymore
When you need a guy who mops
I'm atop a hill, then in a flash, stop at the door
Gonna mop more than your mom ever mopped before

Time me and debris settled the score.
Too many things spilled onto the dang floor
That's my zone, my Côte d'Ivoire
Come danger I'll take the warm water and rearrange
The slop with my mop and iPod (Paramore).

I'm gonna get the grime on the ground and mop
Word on my slimes, the floors shine cause
These dirt lines living on borrowed time.
I'm off on all that floor reclamation

These dried-on streaks won't speak when brought up in mediation
It's all business from head to bucket
Nobody knows what flight they booked to duck it

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I wipe the floors
I mop with such determination in chores,
Far better than yours,
So remember when your saucepan pours or spills,

Keep your head on, hands on steering wheel,
All good when that water hits the place and remaster it.
Zoroaster writ, and this is the handle I hold:
My goal as a man fan out when that hand unfold.

June Austen

I was in my PE clothes and sweatdrops formed inside
Chemical warfare,
Nebraskan gas station events
When yall

Hop in the shower
Hope this ain't yall final hour.
Build an ice cream tower
Suddenly a *very* nice dream,

This dream that devoured for years
Sweat drops in my workout clothes
Wet mops and
July *feiern*
Back to back to back
A hot mess of sweet release
A sharp slice from the Jesus piece

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I'm a nine pin non-spare of the recently wed
I'm that upside-
Down corpselike hovering above a dog bed
I'm on that late night curfew
To walk home, yellow
Brick road to where I never hurt you,

Yall people.

I'm on that fire place, that Area G,
That safe space in the arms of who knows
After tomorrow
Live for tonight, live for today

Live forever, work your jobs, get paid.
Get weighed and kneaded and cut up and fried
And push your couch along the sidewalk until your dreams subside,

I am that cursed tree in the Gobi,
I am more than fourth grade,
Something more sinister than a peach ring with no peach

Everything I'm teaching within reach just
More practice I need,
I need to hang on with my nail on leash.

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Salt

Spit-out mug of water
Herding cattle,
Monitor supply chains,
Other critters, look up,
Like “baby come back to me, baby”

I like rivers,
Tearing my *bichig* off
Wearing my high society

Something feeling wrong
Got me feeling like the plague
Sine, living life by the waves,
Tearing my *bichig* off.

Ranthropology

I was a mid-suburban girl part
Rural boy, flawed convoy,
Yelling, fingers pushed into the rubber ball
Insides, man down, turn to a
Target line to

The kind of one who never wanted
To take part in the internet
The bad parts came and starred in

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It hits like a train, for those not prepared,
Carpet floor, frames in which instill fear
Enough home in soft peach
Stonefruit path marks, moss, Hall-
Mark cards that went unrequited

Another animal's fluids entered my nest uninvited

The life that life stole from me,
The walls it breaks down and makes you memorize,
The sparkle in eyes that, in nothing you'll unroll anymore
I hide in barrels and
Throw stones into holes

I was at the corner of Conch and Coral,
Scared of who surrounds me: The person who I am.
Stay away until I'm upright and kind

Kid wants to breathe
And be alone and remind
Themself of who he was.
You'll be. You're being in pool.
When I reach the far bottom,
I am sorry to those that fell all that way down.

Cornered

Könnte ich dich anrufen?
These are the end times,

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And to say I've done all I can is a legendary miscalculation.
In present I fake my fading,
Which is my new coat of paint,
A different pattern of shapes and shading.

The "huntable surplus to one" draws nearer
What do I tell the guy?
Climbing down from "I love you but I don't know how to help"
All the way up until I find the solutions myself.

My spirit shackled,
My prankster "thank you"

I am an amiable child
I came to do my very best

It's your move,
I've made up my mind.
But to say I've done enough, a cop-out elephantine.

Found what's been battering me as wind and rain
And the strain they give,
Strain of stuff to beat back my harassment chain
To beat up, and sinfully maintain

The new life there, with nail on leash
If only Ashish could see me now
Trampoline hands, meet trampoline face.

Facing a decision of lifelong weight
Basing it, resting it all on a thought experiment
Younger than the mug of the 45th man,
Chasing a fate the Book spelled out hook, line, and sinker.

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No, this thing has progressed *far* too fast,
Impossibly so.
Just call it for the night, buy a mango,
Can you fandango your way to
Obscure the hole in the wall?

Stupid CS major on the way to have it all,
What a real gutter ball, second thoughts
In cockpit of mother of all
Rocket ships
To
Best burgers in town.

To see how the other half lives,
It is my destiny.
I'm way out of my depth
Star

I'm cornered in a far and foreign region of space
Preferential to dilf repellent than Amazing Grace, and that
I have to face, and fix my face
And mix my former and future place in line

I didn't mean to do anything harmful.
Benign

All I wanted
Was to be nine.
And to once more be benign

This straight torrential
Backing myself into a corner I spent the last year to get into

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A big change needs a big crane and helicopter
A bucket of dinosaurs
A bipedal lobster
I'm Alice in Wonderland

I'm a hundred hands in a circle
I'm in the orchard,
In a coffer

But I can be whoever I
(chew on a mango)
Need to be!

Makes my stomach turn over
Like a corn on the cob
Is this seat taken?
Then I cough out black smoke
And escorted away from sausage in a cruiser.

No Left Hand Turns Allowed

I keep my intestines tied,
My organs' openings wide,
Fixed and dilated.

I keep burning buildings inside
The person. I keep my purse full,
Bursting at the seams with tacks and thorns and needles

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I keep my arms and legs inside
The vehicle at all times
I'm knotted up with want for a soul to guide.

I keep thinking the soul doesn't deserve the body
My endocrisis that rains
Like meteors. Meteors from inside man.

I keep waking up, every day, soul inside slash.
Feel your limit
And free yourself

I keep forgetting
That I don't have to move with the Earth through space.
Never forget the way your dreams formed
Never forget your running shoes
And the faces you made when you wore them.

Bereitschaft

Beneath moon and wheel where
I for attention prod,
Under knife and cold blue steel
Their eyes were watching God

Whatever happened to that haired face
Disgraced with self to the point of
A short walk into a swim in Alabaman tide?
Whatever for the mansioned gate I crucified,
Closer than ever to House of Saud.

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And now in front of house (Lucid)
Loosened sides with Luci. Lurid
Tide upcoming toward feet

Two prodigal questions
So we finally meet

I was gonna be a mayfly someday
But I
Feel myself somewhere between
A mayfly and Jeanne Calment

Some witness an Oswald,
A plain and stable font.
Fount of living water my witness,
I am not.

A life's on that "what happened to the bridge
And the chamber" taunt.
Always compromised by a far stranger haunt

I am a danger to myself and God
I crack a glowstick and eat my Wheaties

Ice-Flavored Salad

I'm a bridge, I'm a river
I'm a petal on a spinner
I'm waving all kinds of unthinkable

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Every which way
Every hour
Every moment
In the *Mondlicht*

All it is is a dress in the wind
A pale stalk surrounding by butterflies maroon
Question the light shimmer on my headwear,
My shoes stay active for foreseeable moons

Sunny Side Up Tarantula

I was born in a cave with no lights
And no people walking behind me

The Sky Rains Down Balloons

I love lobster
Nice garlic, buttery lobster tail
Love how they taste
How they look and smell

How it steams and how it wafts
Into my nostrils, oh I
Need more lobster,
One more try, just to ease my appetite

How many among you don’t crave a warm
Lobster tail?
Freshly cut from the vine,
The blood flow abscised, fresh from the tank
Freshly nullified blood flow to the brain

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Did you know they don’t feel a thing?
Oh, to feel such a thing,
To feel a lobster tail, to sink in teeth
Every man who is a man will do this, I’m sure

Me and my pals discuss it when we gather
Every man who is a man loves a slathered
Crustacean. A masterwork of creation.
A clear gift from God to man.
A man’s right to throw seafood in a pan,

Heart ‘neath my right hand,
And fork in my left…
Oh heavens, the salivary is so in effect,
Oh breath, don’t escape me,
I am in sync with the silverware like ailerons

A sign of status, of wealth, of prosperity
I can have this as I desire,
I can have half, whole, perfectly seasoned lobster
Tail, and don’t test me,
This is something the best of men are able to buy more,
This is something I am willing to go to war and die for.

(Likewise, many fish in the sea seek similar things.)

Strange Road

I feel I traveled down a strange road
Where things move much too quick along my pace
And nobody seems to care

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All progresses far too fast
Around me
And I witness naïve thoughts about proceeding as normal
Where all things are in tune

Like a violin, but it all happens so soon.
Waking up to a bright light and ringing in ear
A quiet “How did I get here?”

And who am I that I should be here?
What do I value, what strange road
Has done things such as wear my grip down?

These are the end times
Where there’s no more horsing around
But after sleep I remember why I put cash and Porton down

I am an egg sunnied reversing
I am a can prone to burst when shaken

I am hedging bets
Wading feet in a river I haven’t seen yet
Fading forever in a scheme that seemed preset
To be
My Mincemeat, my handmade wings,
In an arrangement made
Last winter with a box and spade

Buried on the side of a strange road
I will be so very Frog and Toad
I will be until I’m *vis à verrou*

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Oswald, Snow Journey

When in howling mobs of life it yields me,
When picking up specks off the ground like snow,
Whatever disrespects the erratic and unreliable,
At the end of the *Eissturm* there's a Hanenbow.

An initiation beginning in the unthing-
Shaped pool I wade in low.
I escape the fifth grade with a gentle disarray in tow.

The sky is dark,
The pond oil, boiling from my Snow Journey,
The snow is colored black, crack of the sky,

I wake on the knees of my best friend,
On a front porch wade, on the shores of Molokai,
On the green grass gradation of Züünkharaa.

You are that black and green photograph,
Dual-handed scythe warriors, or
Pirate in a year before time allowed.
I meet the maker and laugh in my
First and final self epitaph.
Grasses green, birds in bloom

I'm once, called. And now,
Without consulting the sun for a day's forecast,
I'm unclipped, like a *Flammenwerfer*,
Soaring away from my Destruction de jure.

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There’s not much more left to say.
I am in the *Weltschmerzen,* in the *Erdebrennen*.
Corner pizzeria under siege from meteor, codex, and Desert Storm.
Like I got two sticks butter, cadaver reasonably warm.

Under a swarm of solid water, I am running,
I am running, I am Ran.
It doesn’t have to be right here next to me,
I can bring out the apple core without dental pain
Or greed, or dubious watery ways.

Looking for all I wanted,
I have found peace.

The stars are counted in, murky.
My chariot swings low to raise me from the life.
By the time I wake, I am walking through snow.

-

I am awake.
I am walking through snow.
And a blizzard I leave behind
In my wake; Oswald blows through, tornado.
In the end guided to work as a team.
Тийм. A day of great importance.
Hand in hand we’ll disappear inside a frigid white seam.

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Fire! Fire! Fire!

As I gaze into the stellar ocean,
Watching past remnants of bright bodies,
My body: mess of burning architecture
Like Bowser in the Fire Sea

I wonder why I haven't let my body retire me,
Why am I yet here despite the acute awareness
Of my looking the opposite way
In the name of health
In a world where humanity is simply difficult.

There was a six spade on the ground which I
Felt I no longer needed.
It is a dark and oily night, it was.
My guesses are all depleted.

Stuck on a doing everything as I see it
As slow as I ought to be
Whirling 'round a solar body.
It is wrong right now.

A short collection of prayers await in the morning.

Nie Vergessen Wie Männer Sind

Einundzwanzig Jahre hätten bleiben
Für diese Jahre,
Die echte Realität aus Mensche
War für mich erklärt

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I am in such disarray
I am a starfield in disarray,
I am a water table
Shaken up and creeping under the foundations.

Just need a little moment
To lock up all the pencils in the world,
To save myself from the inevitably unsaved
It's all just right, it's all a ship without direction
A sail without meaning except captain and map
What happened, and what path did you take?

Leben Leben beim Wogen.

After this, take a long break.
Put the former in cryosleep
Where there's no fire, only cybersheep.
A little prayer for when I wake.
A little way to make the world a little rounder.

Kleiner. Weicher.

Oswald, Frigis Chrysanthemum

Oswald fights back,
To turn me into a misty *heiß* steam,
To remolecularize me into a fried ice cream,
To leave me here with no key, or petaled thing in ear,

Just to beguile me and take the reigns of
The white horse straying in the midst of a snowpile.

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No sympathy, no smile
Only rising up at opportune to take,
And painting the walls the color of me

Us and our frozen lake,
Hide me away,
Kiss my lips with Frigis Chrysanthemum.

Camouflage me *mit dem Schnee*,
Until an arrow of light
Pierced straight through Oswald's heart.

I breathe out.
It feels good to breathe out.
Silently blossoming. I am in bloody white bloom.

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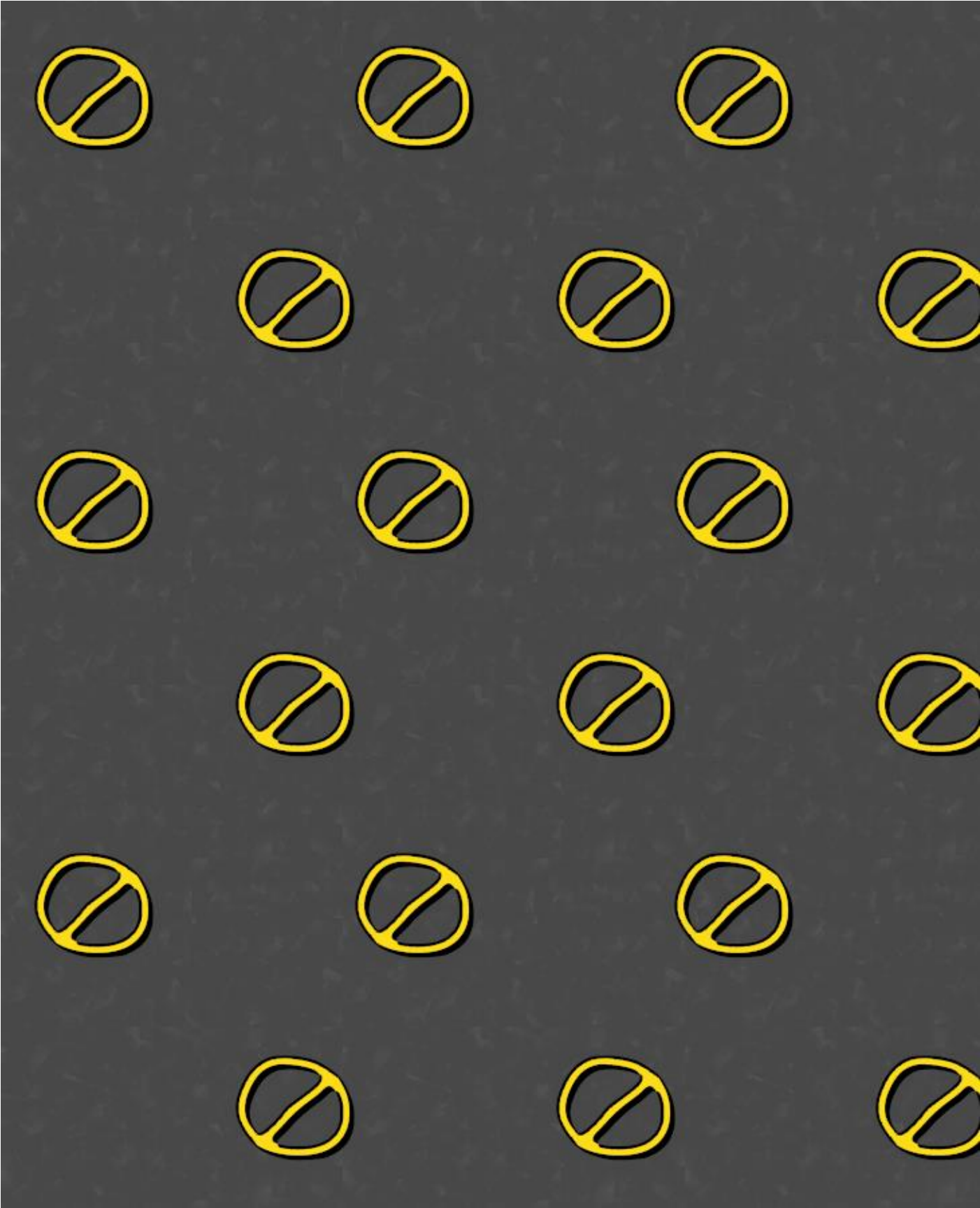

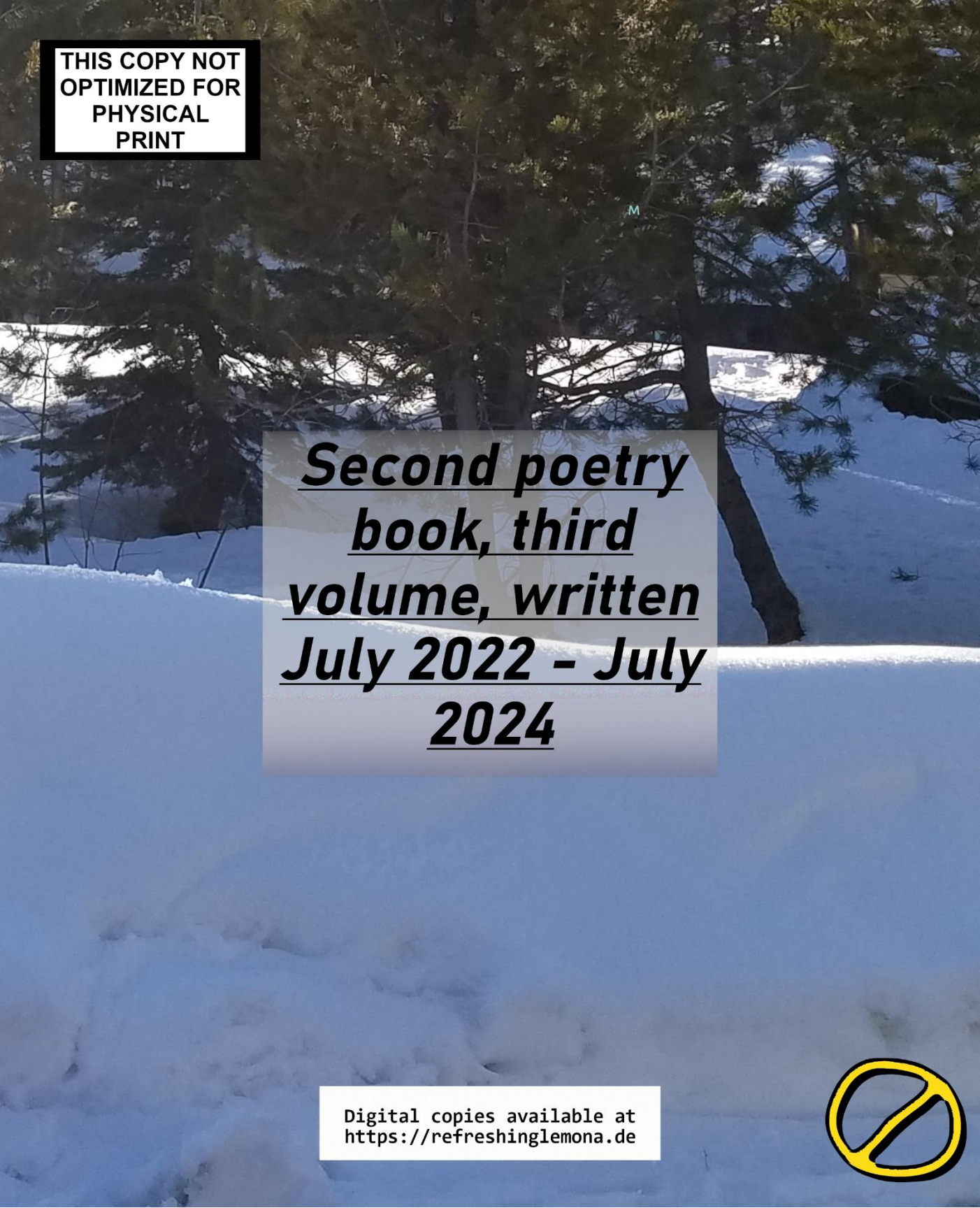
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Second poetry book, third volume, written July 2022 - July 2024
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